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# STEEL STERLING

*and*  
**THE GRUESOME  
TWOsome!**

**T**ROUBLE'S WHERE YOU FIND IT!  
IN THIS YARN STEEL STERLING  
AND SERGEANT CLANCY DIDN'T  
HAVE TO LOOK VERY HARD FOR  
IT! IN FACT THEY DIDN'T HAVE  
TO LOOK FOR IT AT ALL! THEY  
JUST **ASKED** FOR TROUBLE---  
AND UP POPPED  
THE GRUESOME TWOsome!



by  
**IRV NOVICK**



OUR OPENING SCENE FINDS STEEL STERLING IN A CURIO SHOP----

THAT'S AN AMUSING  
LOOKING PAIR OF  
FIGURINES! HOW  
MUCH ARE YOU  
ASKING FOR  
THEM?

OH, I'LL SELL THEM  
TO YOU REASON-  
ABLY ENOUGH,  
MR. STERLING---

...BUT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THE LEGEND  
THAT GOES WITH THEM BEFORE YOU  
BUY THEM! YOU SEE THE ONE WHO  
SOLD THEM TO ME CALLED THEM THE  
GRUEBOME TWOSOME.... AND IF  
THEIR OWNER ASKS FOR TROUBLE  
HE'LL GET PLENTY OF IT!



NONSENSE!  
I'M NOT IN  
THE LEAST  
SUPERSTI-  
TIOUS! I'LL  
TAKE THEM!

ALL RIGHT,  
SIR! I ONLY  
THOUGHT  
IT MY DUTY  
TO WARN  
YOU!

DON'T BOTHER  
WRAPPING  
THEM! I'LL  
JUST PUT  
'EM IN MY  
POCKET!

I COULD USE  
A LITTLE  
TROUBLE! AS  
A MATTER  
OF FACT  
THINGS HAVE  
BEEN RATHER  
DULL!



HEY!  
LOOK  
OUT!

THE GRUEBOME  
DOPE! A  
BRAND  
NEW  
SUIT!







I'LL JUST  
PUT THIS  
PLANT RIGHT  
HERE!



OOPS!



CLUNK!

WHAT  
TH--



C'MON, GRUESOME!  
LET'S CLIMB OUTTA  
THIS GUY'S POCK-  
ET AND SEE  
WHAT DAMAGE  
WE DID!

RIGHT  
WITH YOU  
TWO SOME!



♪ A-TROUBLING WE WILL GO!  
♪ A-TROUBLING WE WILL GO,  
HI-HO THE MERRY-O!  
♪ A-TROUBLING WE WILL GO!



OH-OO!

HE'S COM-  
ING TOO!  
C'MON WE'D  
BETTER GET  
BACK INTO HIS  
POCKET!



I COULD HAVE  
SWORN I SAW  
HIM AND HIS  
PAL LAUGH-  
ING AT ME!



HMM-- I SEEM TO BE GETTING MORE THAN MY FAIR SHARE OF TROUBLE SINCE I ASKED FOR IT! I WONDER--AH! I'M GETTING SOFT IN THE HEAD!



BACK AT THE APARTMENT STEEL STILL WONDERS---

AND YET IT CERTAINLY SEEMS LIKE MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!



JUST THEN CLANCY ENTERS---

KIN YA BEAT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY!

WHAT'S EATING YOU, CLANCY?



I FOUND A BEAT FOR 20 YEARS AND SOLVE 50% OF THE CRIME CASES IN TOWN AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE CAPTAIN CLARK PROMOTES TO DESK SERGEANT! THAT DUMB CLUCK SERGEANT MULLIGAN!



I GOT A GOOD MIND TO GO DOWN AND TELL CAPTAIN CLARK WHERE TO GET OFF!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE! DON'T GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



TROUBLE? WHO'S AFRAID OF TROUBLE? I EAT TROUBLE!

OH, OH! THAT SOUNDS VAGUELY FAMILIAR!



UNNOTICED BY STEEL AND CLANCY THE GRUESOME TWOSOME GO INTO CONFERENCE---

DIDJA HEAR THE GUY GRUESOME? HE EATS TROUBLE, HE SAYS!

YEAH--I THINK HE'S IN FOR A GOOD MEAL!





THE TWO SOME CLIMB  
SILENTLY FROM THE TABLE  
INTO CLANCY'S POCKET--

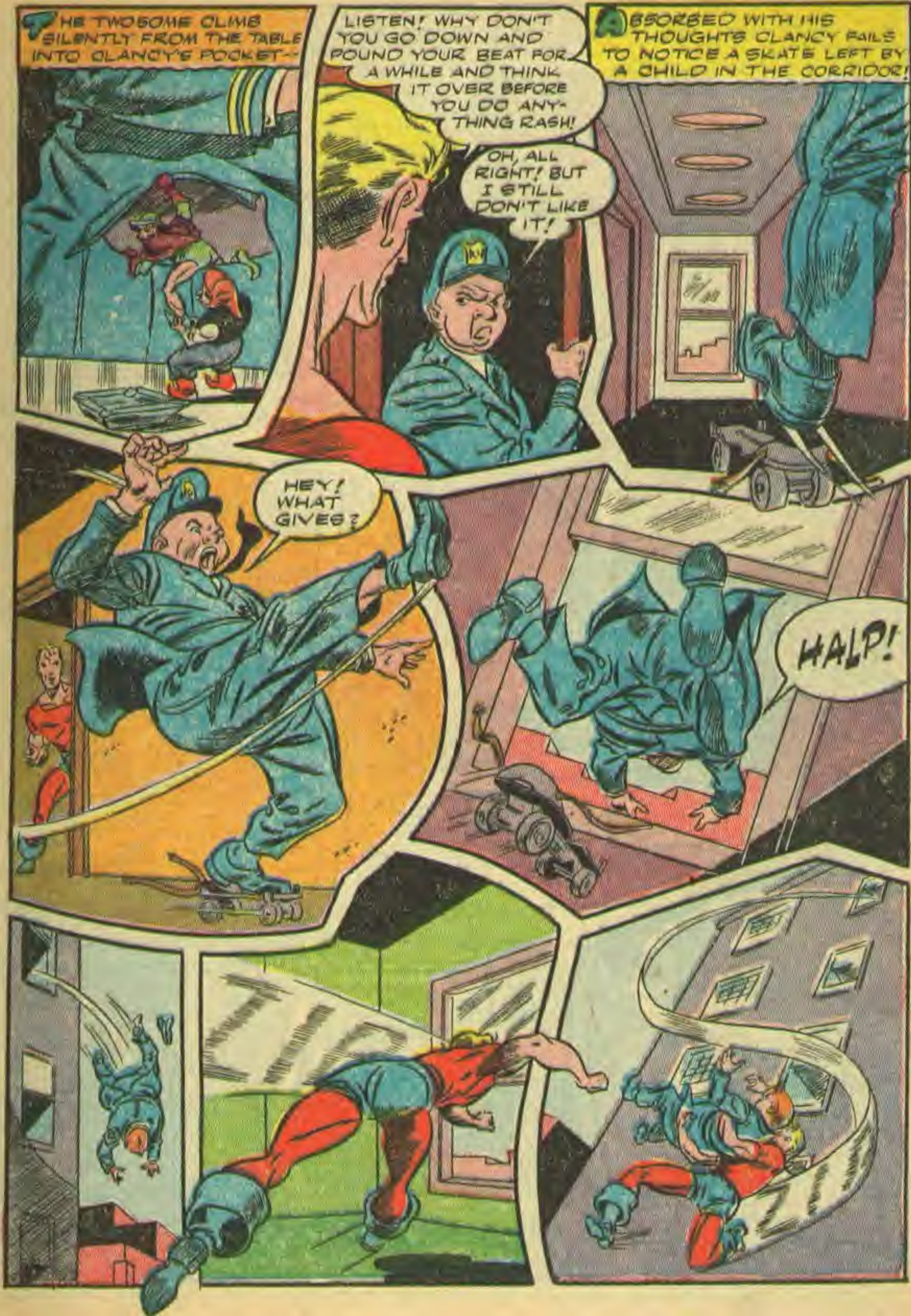
LISTEN! WHY DON'T  
YOU GO DOWN AND  
POUND YOUR BEAT FOR  
A WHILE AND THINK  
IT OVER BEFORE  
YOU DO ANY-  
THING RASH!

OH, ALL  
RIGHT! BUT  
I STILL  
DON'T LIKE  
IT!

A BSORBED WITH HIS  
THOUGHTS CLANCY FAILS  
TO NOTICE A SKATE LEFT BY  
A CHILD IN THE CORRIDOR!

HEY!  
WHAT  
GIVES?

HALP!





GOLLY, WHAT HAPPENED?  
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU  
CAME ALONG--OTHER-  
WISE I WOULD'VE  
BEEN A DEAD  
PIGEON-SURE!

WHEW! THAT  
WAS CLOSE,  
ALL RIGHT!

IT WAS JUST SOME  
KID'S SKATE  
THAT TRIPPED  
YOU UP!

WELL, THANKS, PAL! I'LL  
DO LIKE YOU SAID,  
AND FOUND MY BEAT  
'TIL I COOL  
OFF!

HIYA,  
BACHIGALUPI,  
HOW'RE  
YER APPLES  
TODAY!

WHY YOU  
BOTHER  
TO ASK?

GOOD OR BAD  
YOU EAT-A-THEN  
AS LONG AS  
THEY FOR-A-  
FREE!

CRUNCH!

A WORM!

IT'S A PLOT,  
THAT'S WHAT  
IT IS! NOthin'  
BUT TROUBLE  
ALL DAY  
LONG!

HAW!  
HAW!

AW SHUT  
UP! HEY! IS THAT  
A CAR PARKED  
NEAR A PUMP?  
WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT!

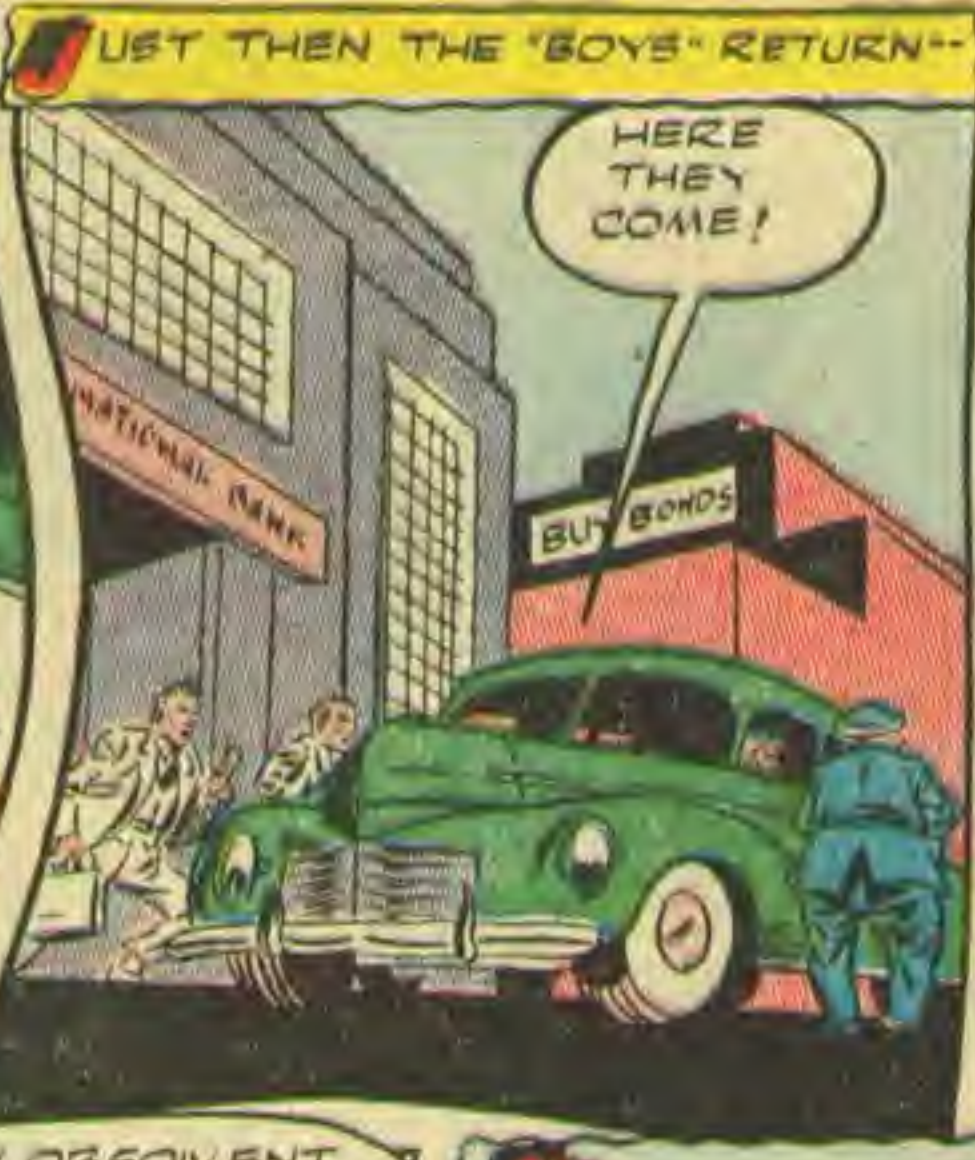
WHAT'S  
A MATTER? IF  
THAT PUMP  
HAD TEETH  
IT'D BITE  
YA!





WHAT'LL WE DO IF HE'S STILL HERE WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK?

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALONG AND DUMP HIM SOMEWHERE!



JUST THEN THE "BOYS" RETURN--

HERE THEY COME!

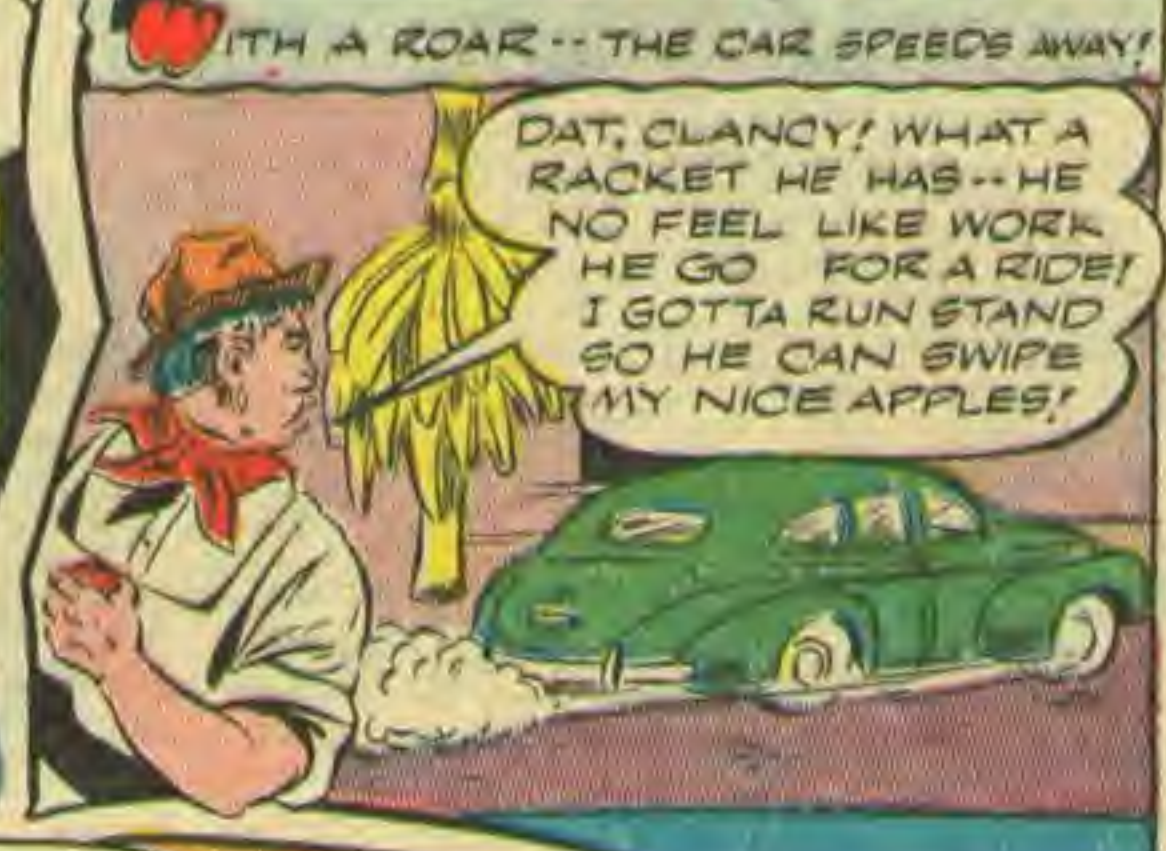


DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE, COPPER, AND HOP INTO THE BACK SEAT, QUICK! CAUSE THIS TRIGGER'S ITCHIN' MY FINGER!



I KNOW WHAT THIS IS-- A BANK HOLDUP!

HOW OBSSOIVENT OUR POLICE ARE -- O.K., GET GOIN' RAT-FACE, AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE---



WITH A ROAR-- THE CAR SPEEDS AWAY!

DAT, CLANCY! WHAT A RACKET HE HAS-- HE NO FEEL LIKE WORK HE GO FOR A RIDE! I GOTTA RUN STAND SO HE CAN SWIPE MY NICE APPLES!



HEY-- WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FIGURINES? I LEFT THEM RIGHT ON THIS TABLE, HERE!

WAIT A MINUTE-- AS SOON AS CLANCY ASKED FOR TROUBLE, HE GOT IT! MAYBE, I AM SCREWY, BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT THE GRUESOME TWOSOME ARE KEEPING HIM COMPANY!



ANYWAY, THERE'S NO HARM IN CHECKING!





HEY, BACHIGALUPI!  
SEEN CLANCY  
AROUND?

SI----I'M  
A-SORRY  
TO SAY!

WE'S-A-GO IN-A CAR  
FOR A RIDE THAT-A  
WAY WEETH  
SOME-A FRIENDS  
JUST-A NOW!

WENT FOR A CAR-RIDE  
WHILE ON DUTY! CLANCY  
WOULDN'T DO  
ANYTHING LIKE  
THAT WILLINGLY!

THEY CAN'T  
HAVE GONE  
FAR! I CAN  
STILL CATCH  
UP!

WE'RE GONNA  
BUMP YOU OFF  
AND THEN THROW  
YOUR BODY IN  
AN ALLEY!

YOU'D BETTER  
NOT! YOU  
KNOW IF YOU  
KILL A COP  
YOU'LL GET  
IN LOTS OF  
TROUBLE!

TROUBLE!  
NOW--  
AIN'T DAT  
CUTE? WE  
LOVE  
TROUBLE!



DID SOMEONE  
PAGE US?

YEAH THESE  
BOZOS ARE  
DYIN' TO  
HAVE US  
COME ON!

THIS IS THE  
GINK WHO  
LOVES TROUBLE,  
GRUESOME!

AND WE  
LOVE  
GUYS WHO  
LOVE  
TROUBLE,  
EH TWO-  
SOME?

G\*??!\*#G!  
THE LUCK!  
WE WOULD  
GET A FLAT  
NOW!

P.H.F. T.T.





HURRY UP, SLUG!

ALL FIXED, BOSS! SAY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

SOMEONE'S COMIN' AFTER US! IT LOOKS LIKE STEEL STERLING! IT IS! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE QUICK!

STEP ON IT, RAT FACE! HE'S GAINING FAST!

TOSS THIS FAT SLOB OUT! STERLING'LL STOP TO PICK HIM UP! THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!



O'MON, STEEL!

THEY'RE CROOKS, STEEL! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

THEY WON'T GET VERY FAR-- DOWN THAT STREET!

RAT FACE, YA JOIK! LOOK WOT YA DONE! I OUGHTA LET YA HAVE IT!

DEAD END



BOY! THAT GANG CERTAINLY IS HAVING IT'S FILL OF TROUBLE--I'VE LOOKED IN YOUR POKETS AND YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE GRUESOME TWOSOME! BET A PLUGGED NICKEL AGAINST A NEW HAT, THEY'VE GOT 'EM!

GRUESOME TWOSOME? WHAT'S THAT?





THE THUGS STRIVE IN VAIN TO TURN THEIR CAR ABOUT IN THE NARROW STREET AS STERLING BEARS DOWN UPON THEM----

AS A LAST RESORT THEY POUR OUT OF THE CAR IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE--



WHERE DO YOU GUYS THINK YOU'RE GOING?



W HAM

TAKE IT EASY! WHAT'S YOUR RUSH?



WELL THEY WANTED TROUBLE-- THEY GOT IT!



LATER AT THE STATION-HOUSE

---SO RAT-FACE AND HIS GANG GAVE THEMSELVES UP, EH, SERGEANT CLANCY?

GAVE 'EMSELVES UP! WHY YOU--- YOU---I FOUGHT 'EM TOOTH AND NAIL IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE. SEE MULLIGAN! ONE OF THESE DAYS YOUR BIG MOUTH IS GONNA GET YOU INTO TROUBLE!





TRouble! ARE YOU  
KIDDIN', CLANCY?  
NOW TELL ME  
WHO'S GONNA GET  
ME INTO TROUBLE?

LISTEN TO HIM!  
HE ASKS WHO!

COME ON,  
LET'S SHOW  
HIM!

THE PIXIES TRANS-  
FER THEMSELVES  
TO MULLIGAN'S  
POCKET--

C'MON IN! THIS  
IS THE NICEST  
POCKET  
YET!

LET'S HAVE THE GUYS'  
NAMES-- AW NOW  
WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
THIS PEN?



I'LL SOON FIND  
OUT WHAT'S  
WRONG HERE!



BLINKIN' BLANKETY  
BLANK! STOP LAUGHIN'  
CLANCY OR I'LL PUT  
YOU OUT IN THE  
STICKS!



THIS IS  
ONLY THE BE-  
GINNING MULLIGAN!  
HE ASKED FOR  
TROUBLE!

CHECK!  
AND HE'S  
GONNA GET  
IT-- BUT  
PLENTY!



AND LET THAT BE A LESSON TO  
YOU GUYS AND GALS! DON'T  
GO ASKING FOR TROUBLE--  
OR THE **GRUESOME TWOSOME**  
WILL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO  
OBLIGE!





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# Señor BANANA

by  
SARLEY  
FRANKS

...AND HIS GOOD FRIEND STENCHO ODORA HAVE RECEIVED REWARD MONEY FOR CAPTURING THE COFFEE SMUGGLERS!!















AND WHY SHOULD I  
MAKE OF YOU A BEEG  
SHOT, AND BE YOUR  
CAR DRIVER??

JUST THEESE ONE  
LEETLE FAVOR, SO  
THAT I WEEL FORGET  
TO TELL YOUR  
WIFE WHERE  
YOU ARE!



SO! MY BEEG SHOT HUSBAND EES A HERO  
IN ALL THE NEWSPAPERS WEETH MUCH REWARD  
MONEY! WE SHALL SEE HOW LONG HE WEEL  
BE ABLE TO  
HIDE FROM  
ME!!

AND AT  
THAT  
MOMENT...



THEESE WEEL  
MAKE THE GREAT  
EEMPRESSON  
WEETH LEETLE  
PEPE!!

YOU AND  
YOUR BEEG  
IDEAS! YOU  
BLACK MAILER!



EET EES  
TOO BAD WE  
DON' HAV' THE  
GAS TEECKETS!



HELLO, MY  
LEETLE BLONDIE  
OF JOY! WOULD  
YOU LIKE TO  
MAKE WEETH  
THE RIDE?



FASTER, MY  
MAN... AH...  
THEESE EES  
THE LIFE!!











**WHAT CHILDREN?**





# The Slap Happy APPLEJACKS

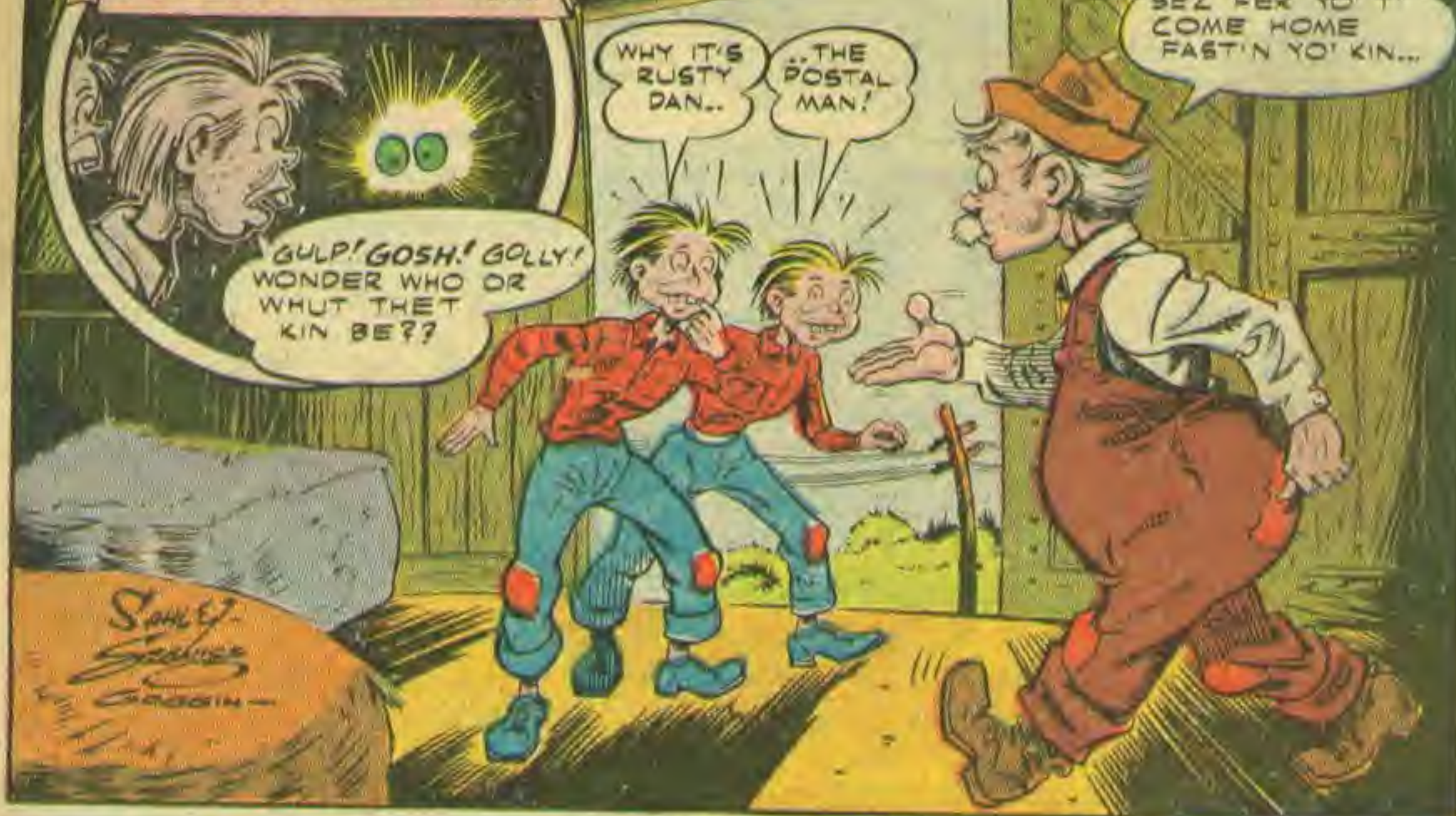
WHEN WE LAST LEFT  
THE BOYS TWO GLARING  
EYES PEERED AT THEM  
FROM THE DARKNESS OF  
A SPEEDING FREIGHT TRAIN!

HI, BOYS! I  
BEEN LOOKIN' FER  
YOU... YORE PAW  
SEZ FER YO' T'  
COME HOME  
FAST'N YO' KIN...

WHY IT'S  
RUSTY  
DAN..

THE  
POSTAL  
MAN!

GULP! GOSH! GOLLY!  
WONDER WHO OR  
WHUT THEY  
KIN BE??



I GOT A NEW  
BATCH O' APPLEJACK  
MADE UP T' SELL,  
BUT THEM SNOOPIN'  
REV' MEN MIGHT  
CATCH WISE!

WHY NOT GIT  
A PASSWORD,  
LIKE "BEIN' OUT  
O' GAS, KIN YO'  
HELP ME?"

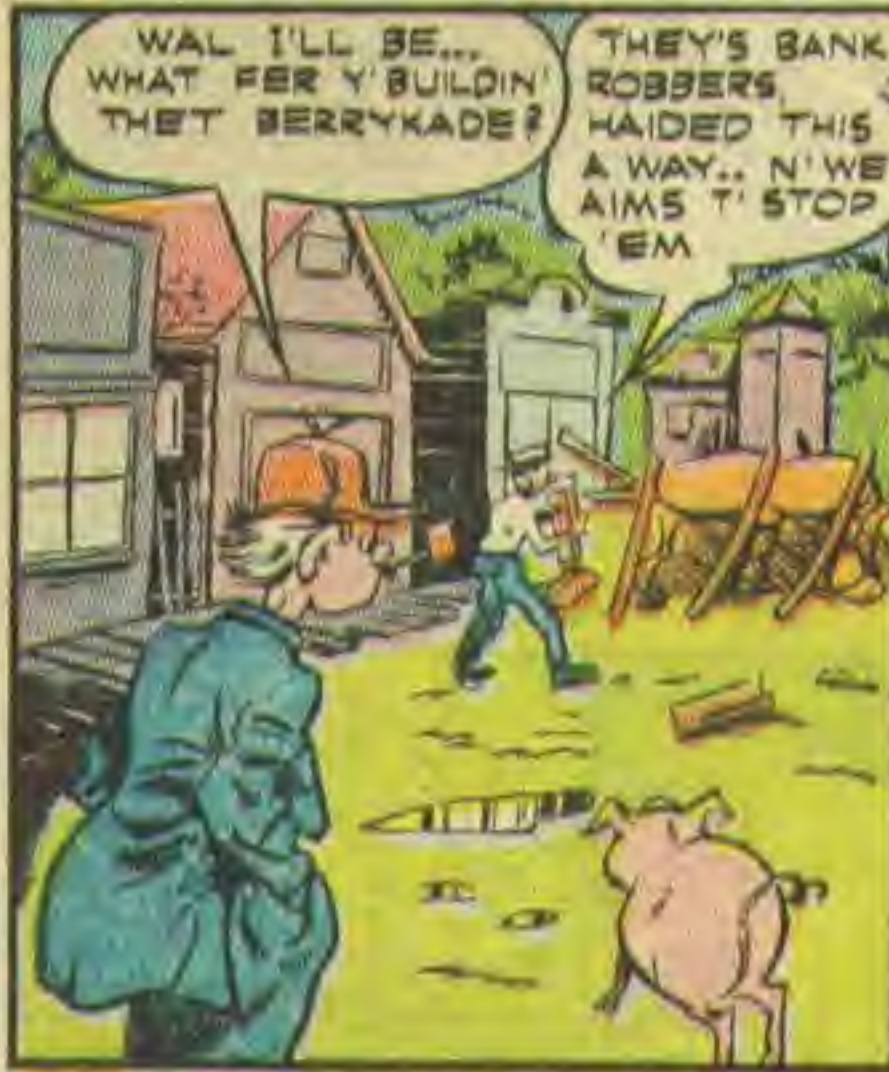
SAY... THAT'S A  
HUMDINGER! WILL  
YO' PASS THE  
PASSWORD  
AROUND?

BUT DON'T  
TELL HAPPY  
AN' SLAPPY...  
JES' SEND 'EM  
T' HOME!!

RIGHT,  
PAPPY... I'M  
OUTA GAS!  
YUK! YUK!  
YUK!







WAL I'LL BE...  
WHAT FER Y' BUILDIN'  
THET BERRYKADE?

THEY'S BANK  
ROBBERS,  
HAIDED THIS  
A WAY.. N' WE  
AIMS T' STOP  
'EM



SAY, YO'  
APPLEJACK,  
BOYS GIT  
T' HOME RIGHT  
QUICK!

SHUCKS!  
WE NEVER  
HAVE ANY  
FUN! COME  
ON, HAPPY,  
LE'S GO!



HURRY! I  
HEAR TH' ROBBERS  
COMIN! GIT T'  
COVER!

DON' FO'GIT  
WE ALL  
SPLITS TH'  
REWARD  
MONEY!



LOOK, CLEMENT,  
DERE'S A BLOCKADE  
UP AHEAD!!

THOSE HILL  
WILLIAMS CAN'T  
STOP US!  
WATCH!



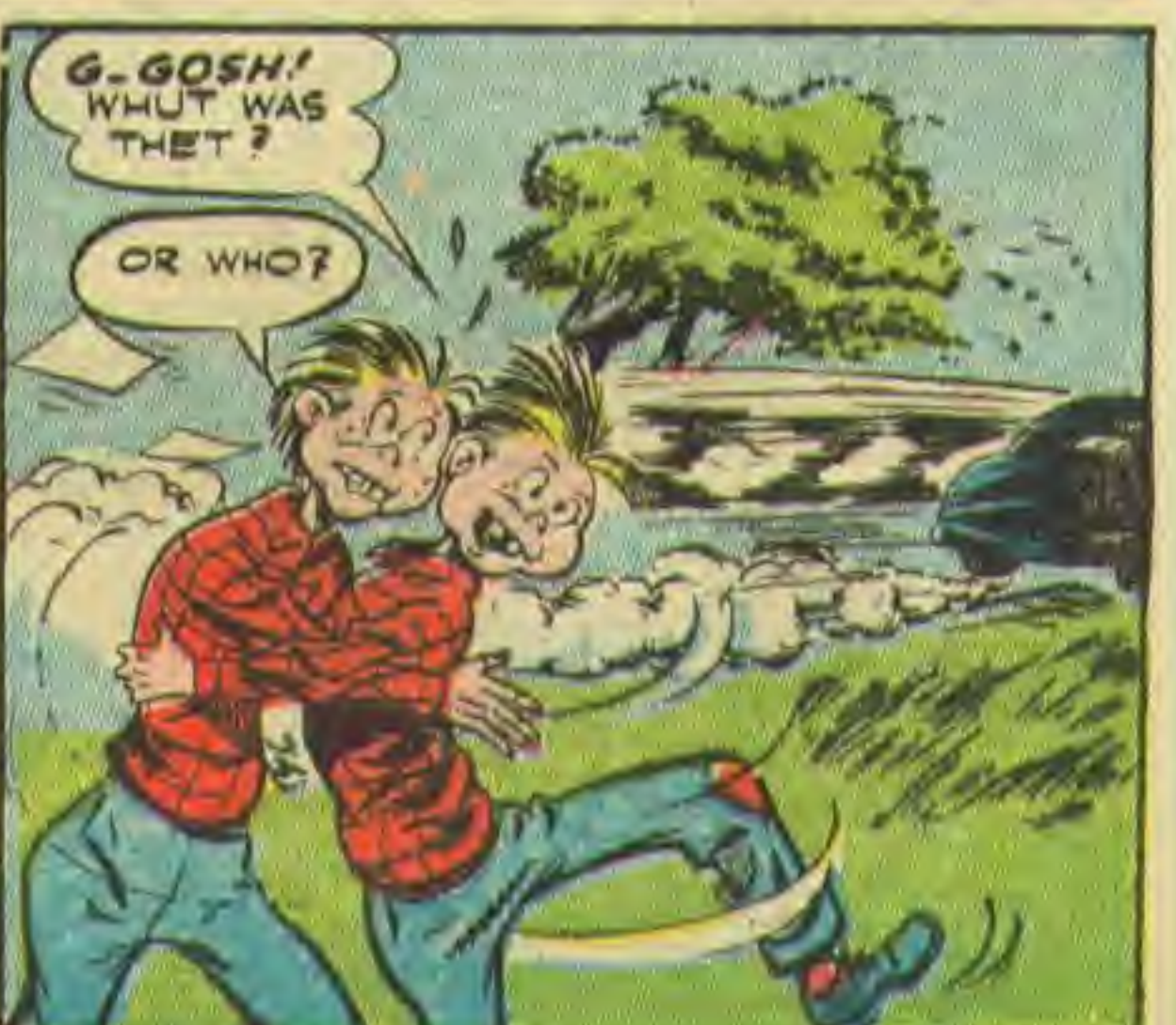
WHAM



HA!  
HA!  
HA!

THEY CAN'T  
GIT FAR! THEIR  
GAS TANK IS  
BUSTED!!

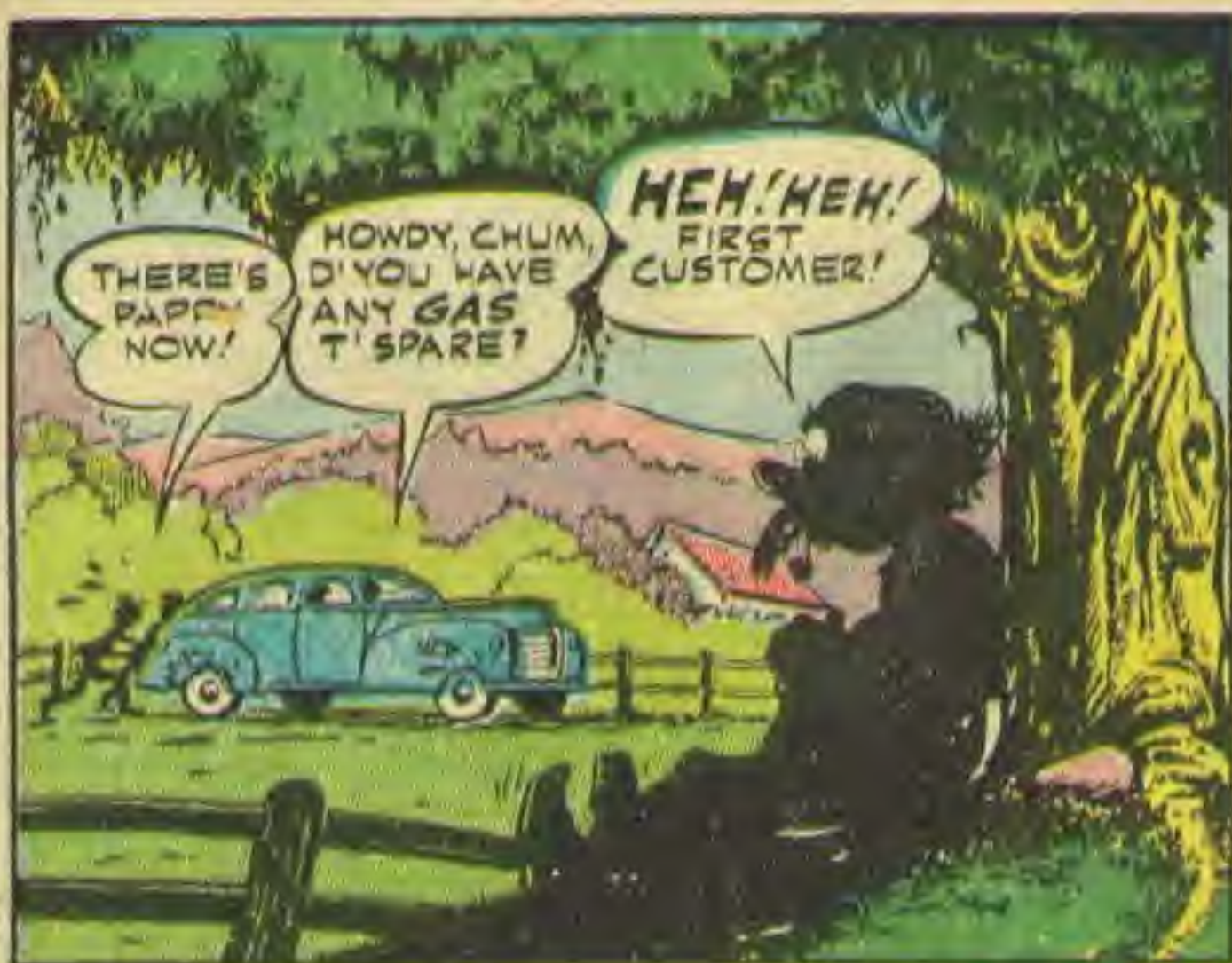
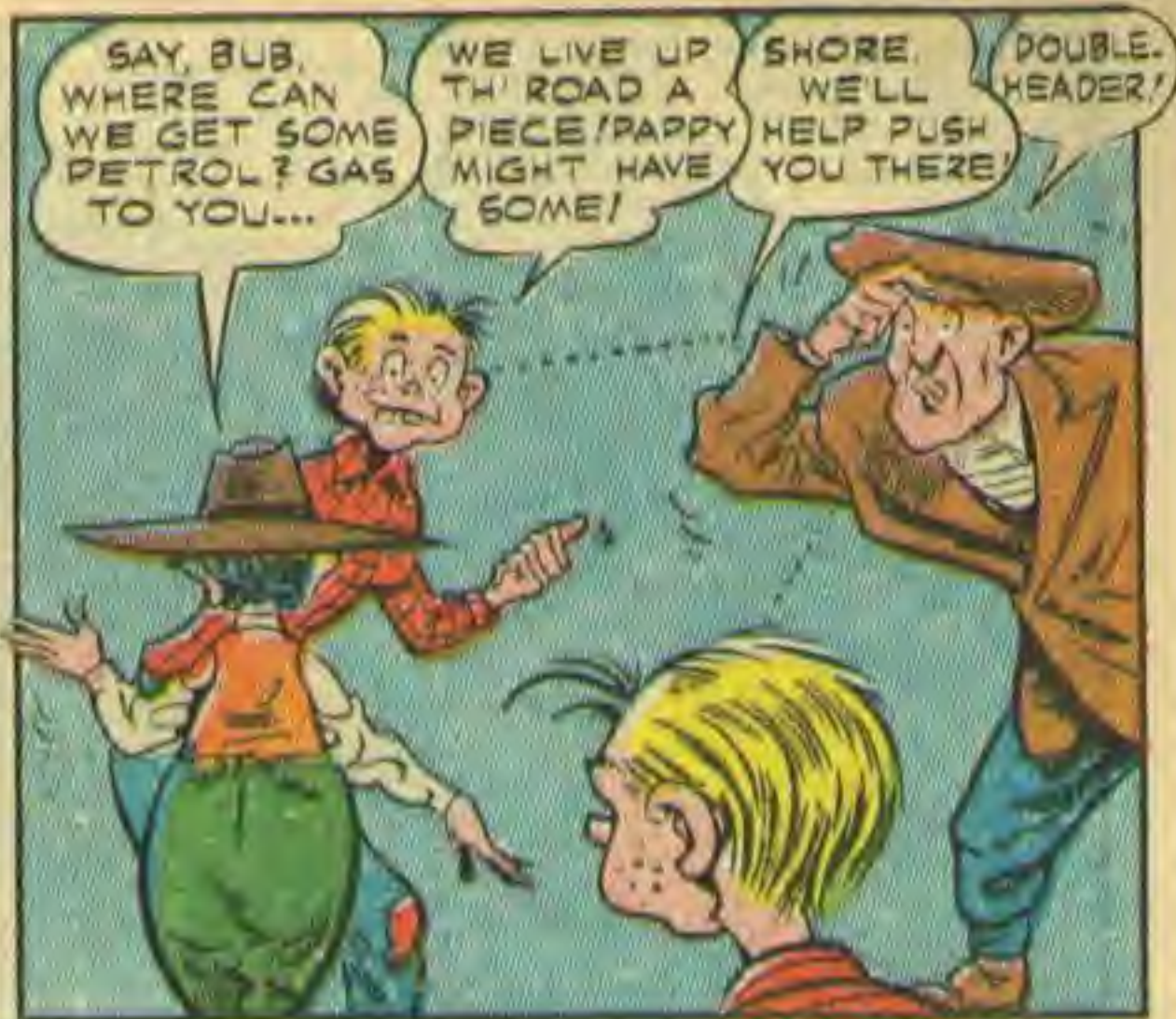
LET'S  
FORM A  
BUNCH OF  
POSSES!



G-GOSH!  
WHUT WAS  
THET?

OR WHO?













WHUT'S THIS? A RAID? GULP HULLO, SHERIFF!

GOOD WORK, PAPPY! YOU CAUGHT THOSE BANK ROBBERS SINGLE HANDED!

SURE DID! YOU'LL HAVE T' COME T' TOWN, AN' COLLEC' TH' REEWARD MONEY!



G. GOSH! WHUT'S PAPPY GONE AN' DONE NOW!

DUNNO! BUT THE SHERIFF WUZ MIGHTY PLEASED!

MEANWHILE-- TWO REVENUE AGENTS SNEAK UP.



REMEMBER NOW.. WE'LL GET APPLEJACK WHEN WE ASK FOR GAS! THEN WE'LL NAB 'EM RED HANDED!



GOT ANY GAS? WE'RE THIRSTY!

AHEM! HE MEANS WE'RE DRY!

THERE MIGHT BE SOME IN TH' BARN!



THERE'S STILL SOME LEFT! GUESS, PAPPY DIDN'T TAKE IT ALL!

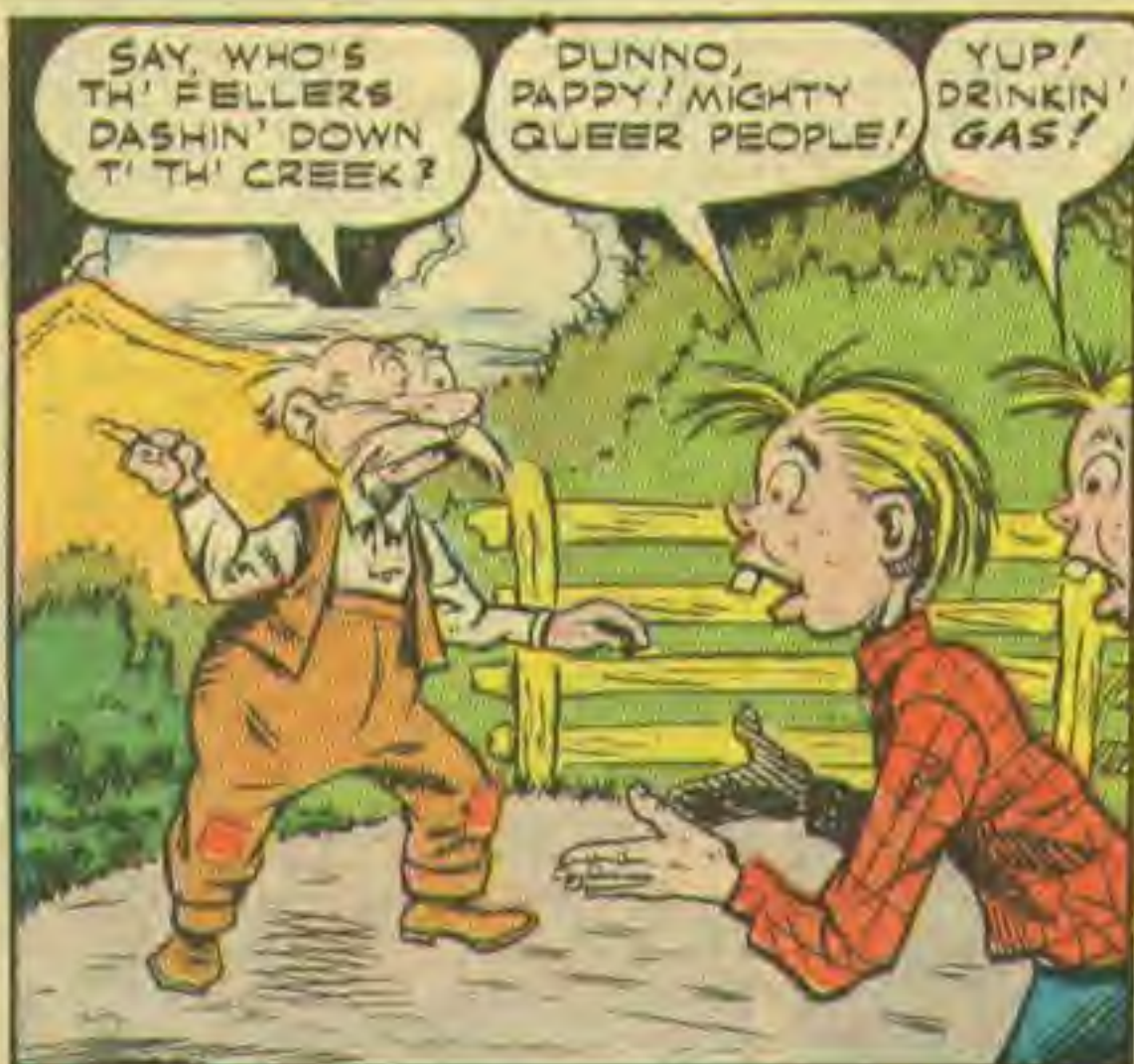


HERE 'TIS!



GLUB!





**WHAT** WILL THE APPLEJACK BOYS TAKE AS A REWARD? JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY DO MAKE A CHOICE! READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ZIP COMICS**



# HONOR AMONG THIEVES

By GEORGE WELLINGTON

A RATTling chuckle issued from the back of Jake's throat. "He won't like it!" he thought again, as he set two water tumblers next to the half-full whiskey bottle. Mike was not going to like Jake's offer of thirty thousand dollars for one hundred thousand in ransom money.

He chuckled again as he thought of his seventy thousand dollar profit, which was not bad for a fence. Poor Mike! He did all the work, kidnapping the kid, hiding out, running the risk of collecting the ransom money. And he, the fence, simply reached in and took up all the profit.

He looked up at the clock, saw that it was climbing close to nine thirty. Almost immediately the doorbell rang. He went to the door and let Mike in.

Mike was a small, wiry man, weasel-faced with sharp, sly eyes. Jake's eyes fastened avidly on the black bag Mike carried wordlessly into the room.

"The ransom money?" Jake asked unnecessarily. Mike nodded, swung the bag up on the table. Jake rubbed his hands briskly, but then slipped a calm mask over his face. He must not let Mike see too much triumph. Mike was slippery. He shuffled over to the sideboard, lifted the bottle in his thin, claw-like hand, and busily poured two stiff ones.

"Have much trouble, Mike?"

he slid beady eyes over to the other man.

Mike's face went sour. "Yeah," he growled, "coupla things went wrong. We couldn't deliver the kid."

Jake set the bottle down slowly, his face pleating with worry wrinkles. "You mean...?"

"I mean," Mike finished testily, "that the kid's been croaked!"

"Well?" Mike faced him squarely, his stoney face shrewd. "I got the dough, one hundred grand cold. How much do I get for it?"

Jake's eyes avoided Mike's. "Well... business ain't what it used to be. Snatch money is a ticklish business, y'know."

"So can the beef! I got troubles enough as it is! How much? Quit stallin'! I'm in a kinda hurry, see?"

Jake cleared his throat, finished his drink, set it down on the tray. Then with Mike's glowing eyes watching every move, he finally got out, "Twenty-five grand is the best I can do, Mike."

"Twent..." Mike choked up. His face suddenly suffused the color of a ripe tomato. "Why you..." and he rattled out a string of foul oaths. "Twenty-five grand? What do you take me for, you penny-pinchin' scum!"

Jake flung his hands wide, hunching his scrawny shoulders. "It's the best I can do, Mike. Take it or leave it. The dough's hot! After all, you can't pass

it, I'm takin' the chances of passin' it light!"

Mike replaced the bottle slowly, then turned, his lips a thin disgruntled line. He handed Jake a drink. "Here! Have a drink! Maybe it'll loosen you up a bit. Me, I'm just gettin' madder, see? I didn't come 'ere to argue with you. When we last spoke, it was fifty-fifty. Now, Jake, I want my end of this... or else!"

A little crafty smile crept into Jake's lipless mouth. He lifted the drink, gulped down half of it, just a bit contemptuous of Mike's threat. He was not in the least frightened. He could draw a gun quicker than Mike could anytime. What was more, Mike knew that. And Jake knew that Mike knew it. He was not in the least afraid of Mike. "I'm sorry, Mike, but thirty thousand is the best I will do."

For a moment Mike said nothing. He just stood there, leaning easily back against the sideboard, a sharp, tight look biting through his face. The thin lips in that sagging downward droop, the cold unemotional face, in which only the eyes lived hotly. There was something in Mike's eyes that Jake could not quite fathom. "Fifty!" Mike said quietly.

Jake shook his head firmly. "No dice, Mike."

Mike gave him a sullen glare, he lifted his wrist, let his eyes slide down to his watch. "I gotta blow. You know I ain't



got all night. Where's the john? I wanna straighten up a bit."

Jake shrugged. He threw his thumb over his shoulder indicating the bathroom. "I won't go one penny more."

Silently, Mike hitched away from the sideboard, crossed the room in uneven strides. The bathroom door slammed shut like an exclamation point.

Jake's eyes thoughtfully went in the direction of the bathroom door. He had to watch Mike, never turn your back on a rat. But the door remained shut, he could hear the splashing of water. He turned the glass in his thin fingers, looked down into the half-filled glass. The drink, he chuckled inwardly, had mellowed him up to the extent of five thousand. No good!

No doubt Mike was stalling around until he got a little more generous. Better to have a clear head on a tricky deal with a cool customer like this. He reached over for the whiskey bottle, set the glass on the edge of the lip, slowly poured back the remainder of the drink. Nothing like having one's wits about one. After Mike was gone, he would get stinko just to celebrate.

Presently Mike came back into the room, but now haste lived in every movement, though he tried not to show it. He stepped before Jake, his stocky legs set wide apart, his eyes shining brightly, unflinchingly into Jake's.

"Well?" Jake wanted to know. "You decide?"

A faint half smile twisted into Mike's mouth, a smile that Jake knew well. It was an evil leer that might mean anything.

"You know I ain't in no position to argue, don't you, Jake?"

Jake shrugged. "Naturally, I know my business."

Mike held out his hand, waved the fingers. "Come on, gimme, you stinkin rat! I wanna blow outta this burg. Let's get it over with, and I hope you fry in hell!"

A grin slitted Jake's mouth, he promptly shuffled over to the safe, wondering if perhaps he should have stuck to twenty-five thousand after all. He bent down, twirled the dial, his eyes darting from the dial to Mike. He could watch him out of the corner of his eyes. One suspicious move from that lug, and he would let him have it. After all, he had not been a fence for years without being wise to all the tricks.

Mike was a cinch. He had figured on Mike's yellow streak anyhow. He had even expected a great deal more trouble. The police were probably closing in tighter than he had suspected.

He straightened, swung the door of the safe open, reached in . . . then he froze.

A sudden fierce burning began to grow up from the core of him. It stung, like acid. He pressed his hand against his heart . . . his doctor had warned him, but in that same instant, all his muscles seemed to yank up, become paralyzed. The breath seemed to punch right out of his lungs. A tremor convulsed through his body.

He collapsed against the safe, tried to call Mike, but his vocal cords refused to function. He clutched stupidly in the direction of his throat, then pitched face forward, slid in a writhing convulsion to the floor.

Mike watched Jake collapse. Watched with hypnotized, widened eyes, the twitching convulsion that quivered through Jake.

A frothy foam bubbled through Jake's mouth . . . then he lay still.

Mike went over to him, bent down, felt the man's pulse.

He was dead.

Slowly Mike straightened, no emotions crossed his cold, hard face, only his eyes glowed wickedly, as he stared down at the dead man. He lifted his foot, prodded the dead man in the ribs. Jake wobbled.

Mike filled his lungs with breath. For a short moment he stood there, just looking down. Then he turned toward the safe. Without hesitation, he reached in, felt around, until his hand contacted the money.

He thumbed through the pile of crisp bills he found, roughly estimated that there should be at least seventy-five thousand there, maybe eighty.

That faint half smile twisted into his mouth. Not bad, he thought, not bad at all.

He stepped over the dead man, went over to the sideboard. He poured himself a drink. He needed a stiff one. His hands were steady and calm.

He lifted the glass toward Jake. "Here's to crime!" and he swallowed the drink with one gulp, set the glass down.

He went over to the table, curled his hands around the black bag.

Certainly was a good haul. After all, he had put enough poison in Jake's drink to kill a dozen like him.

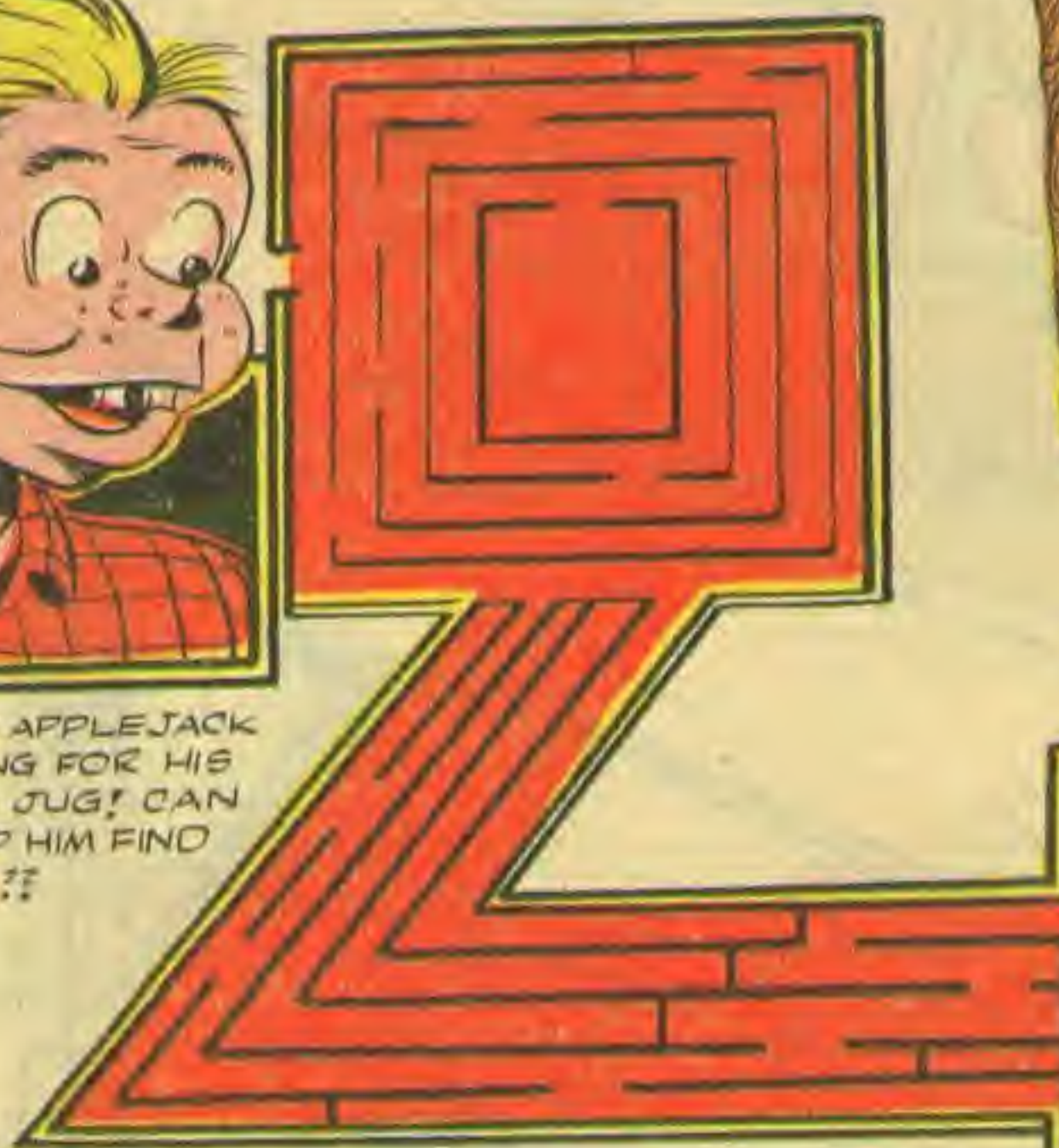
The grin remained on his face a little, but not for long.



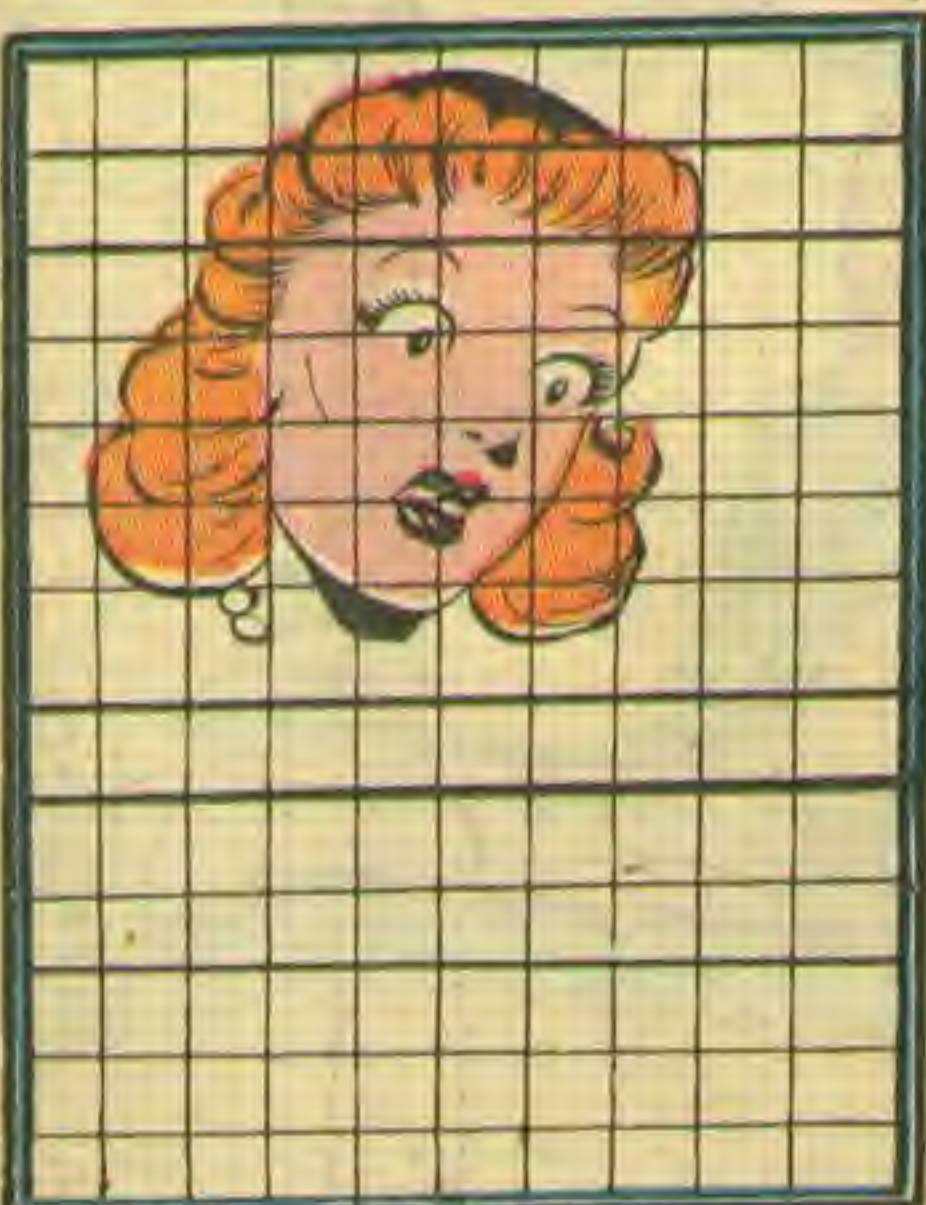
# ZIPSY DOODLES



LAPPY APPLEJACK  
IS LOOKING FOR HIS  
FATHER'S JUG! CAN  
YOU HELP HIM FIND  
IT??



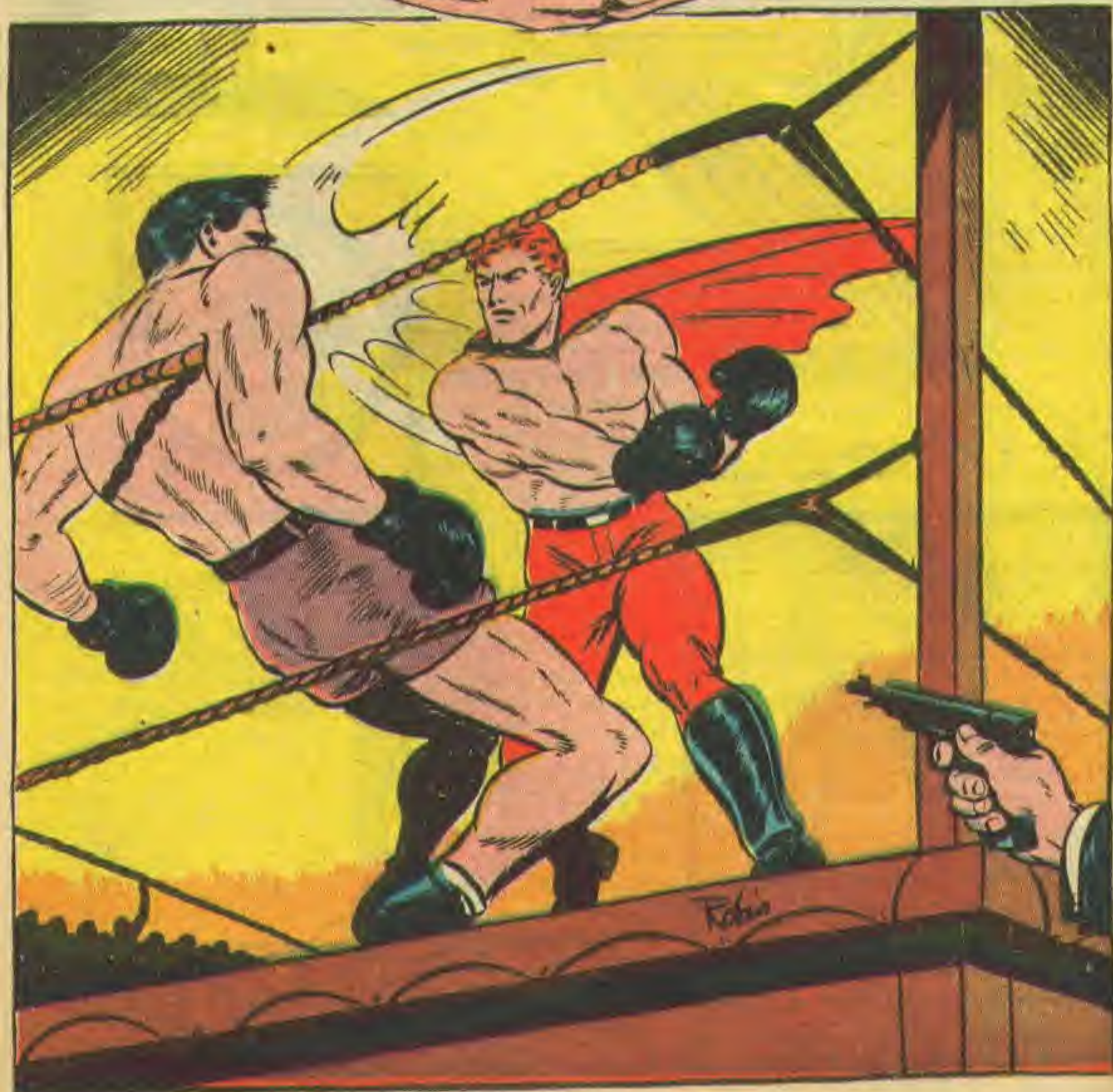
SEE IF YOU CAN COPY THE HEAD  
OF GINGER IN THE SQUARES BELOW!



HEY, GANG! CUT  
ME OUT, AND  
MOUNT ME ON  
CARDBOARD  
AND START YOUR  
COLLECTION OF  
M.L.J. CHARACTERS!



# RED RUBE





**REUBEN REUBEN,**  
A YOUNG ORPHAN,  
HAS BEEN ENDOWED  
BY HIS ANCESTORS  
WITH THE QUALITY  
EACH WAS FAMOUS  
FOR:

STRENGTH,  
SPEED,  
KNOWLEDGE,  
WISDOM,  
COURAGE,  
AND  
FORTITUDE!  
HE HAS ONLY TO  
CALL "HEY RUBE!"  
TO POSSESS THEM  
AND HE BECOMES  
**RED RUBE!**









YOU SEE, MY SON IS BLIND,  
BUT FOR \$500 DOLLARS  
HE COULD HAVE AN  
OPERATION THAT WOULD  
CURE HIM! I'VE BEEN  
SAVING MY DIMES AND  
PENNIES FOR YEARS, AND  
I ALMOST HAD ENOUGH!  
AND NOW I WAS JUST ON  
MY WAY TO THE DOCTOR'S  
TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS  
FOR THE OPERATION---  
AND (SOB) THAT YOUNG  
HOODLUM---(SOB)---

GEE!

WAIT A MINUTE!  
I KNOW HOW I CAN  
GET THAT MONEY  
BACK FOR YOU!

YOU--?

YOU AND YOUR SON  
MEET ME RIGHT HERE  
ABOUT 9:30 TONIGHT  
AND I'LL HAVE THE  
MONEY FOR YOU!

BUT  
HOW?

BY GOLLY! I'LL BE KILLIN'  
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!  
I'LL GET HER MONEY FOR  
HER, AND AT THE SAME TIME  
FIX THAT BIG GORILLA FOR  
SHAKIN' ME UP!

SAY! I'D LIKE TO SIGN  
UP FOR A CRACK AT  
THAT GORILLA GUS  
TONIGHT!

YOU! ARE  
YOU CRAZY,  
KIDDO?

BOX OFFICE

**ASTOR**  
THEATER

OH! ER--WHAT I MEAN  
IS I WANTA SIGN-ER  
A FRIEND OF MINE--  
HIS NAME IS RED  
RUBE!

RED RUBE,  
EH! OKAY.  
TELL HIM  
TA BE  
HERE AT  
NINE  
O'CLOCK  
SHARP!

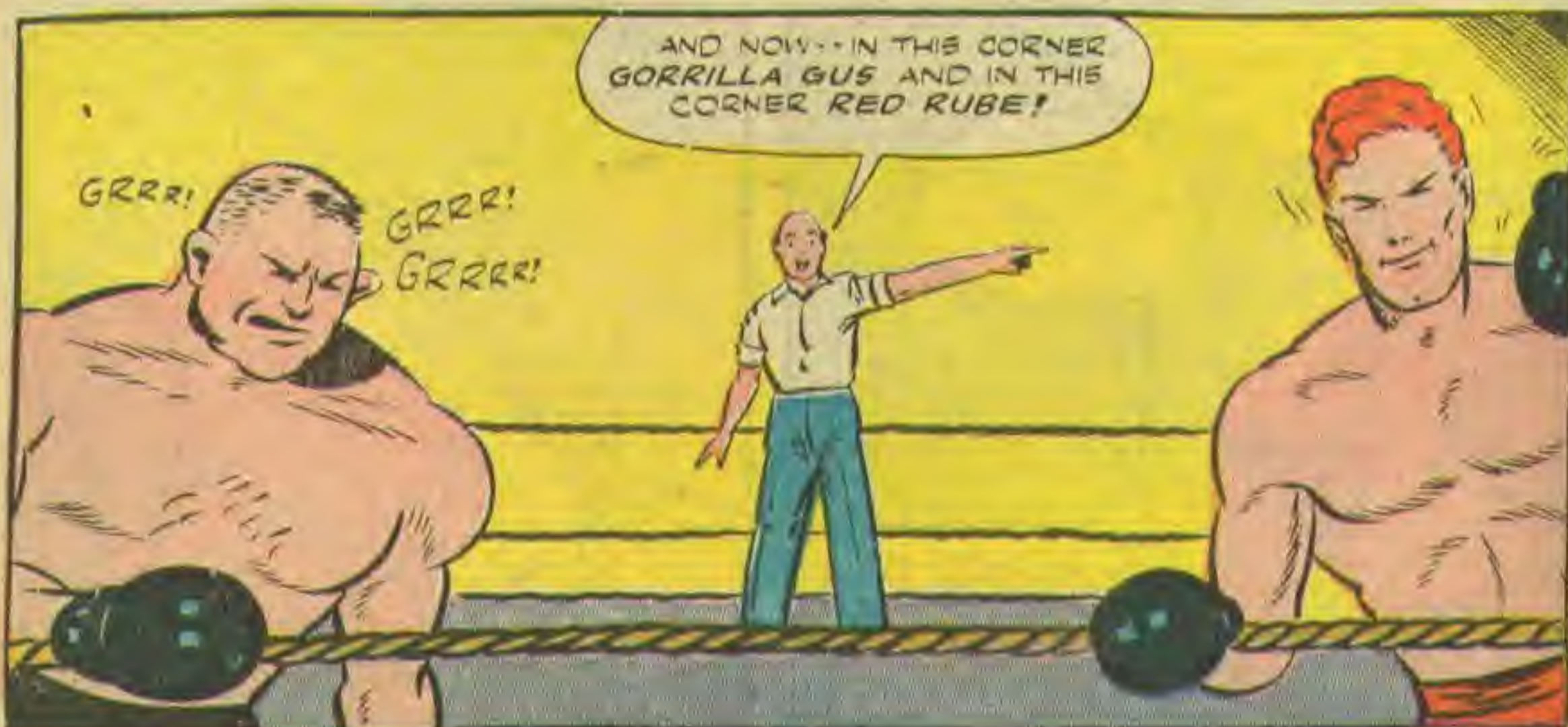




AND THRU THE STAGE DOOR  
STEPS THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF--

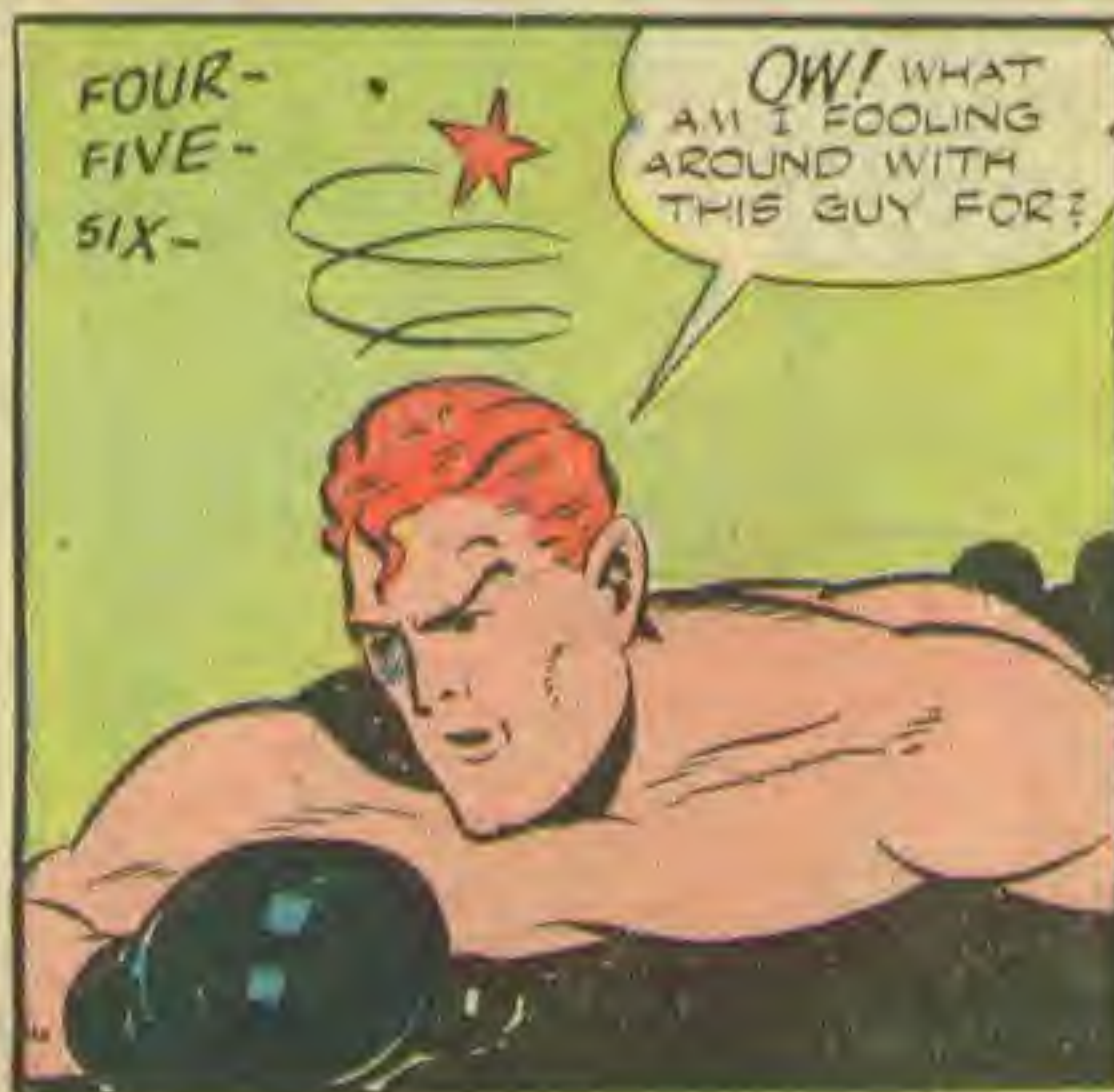
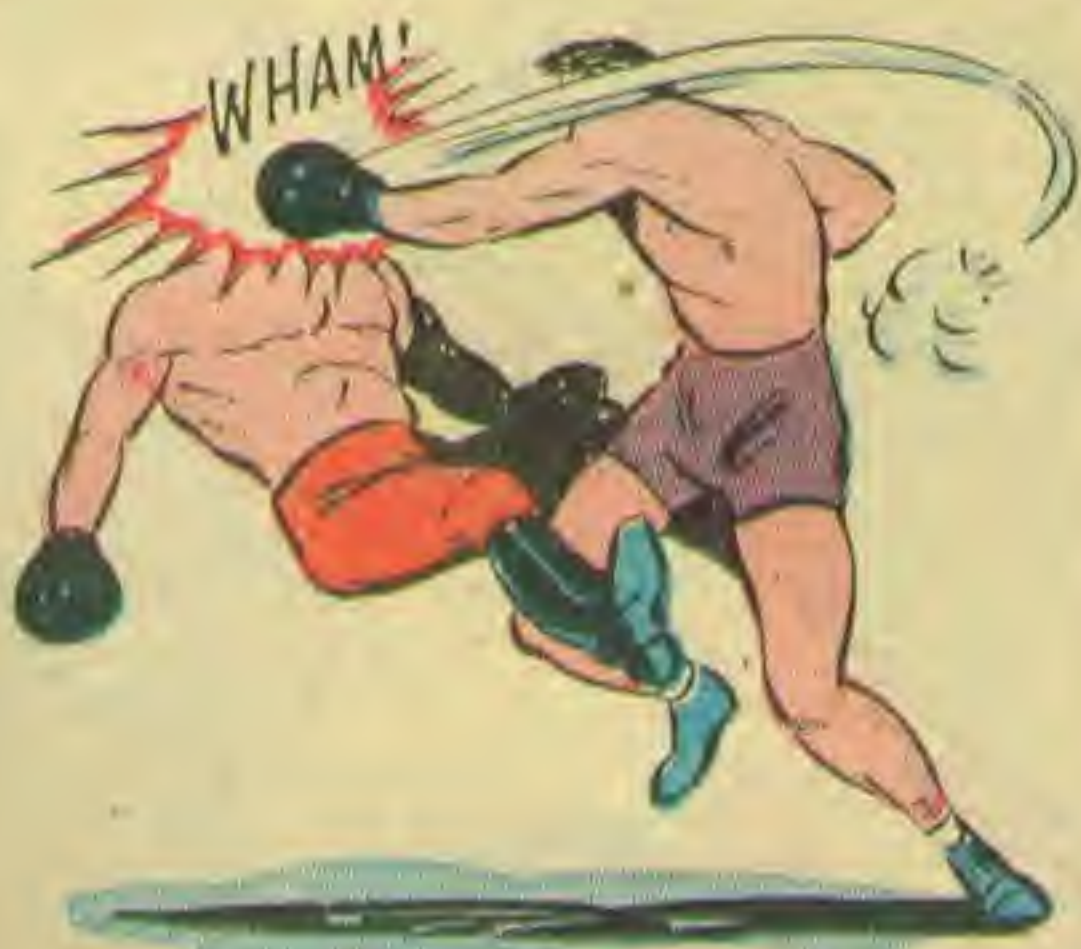
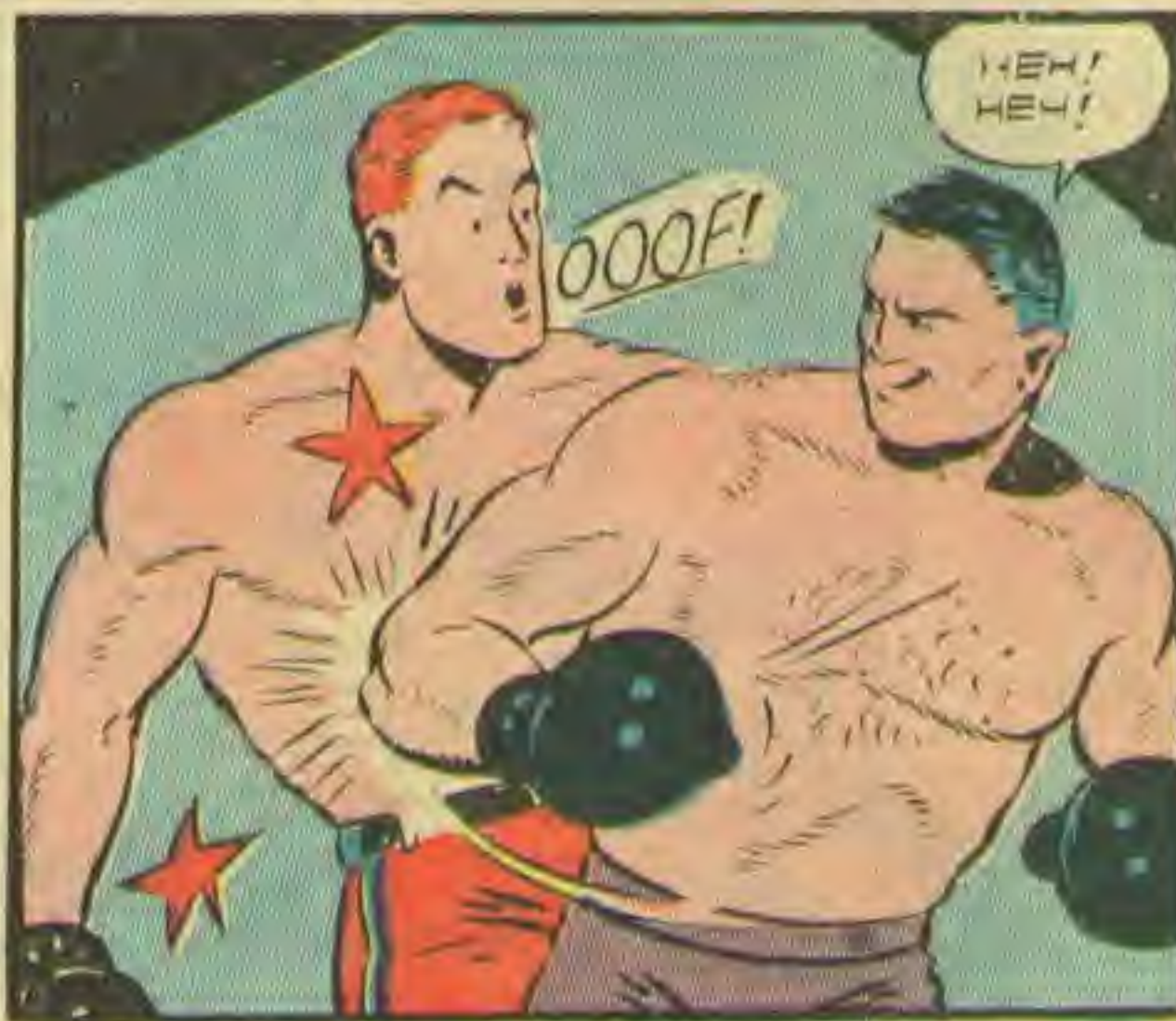


WOPPETY  
WOP  
POW  
BLAM  
SOK  
WAAAAH  
BIFF



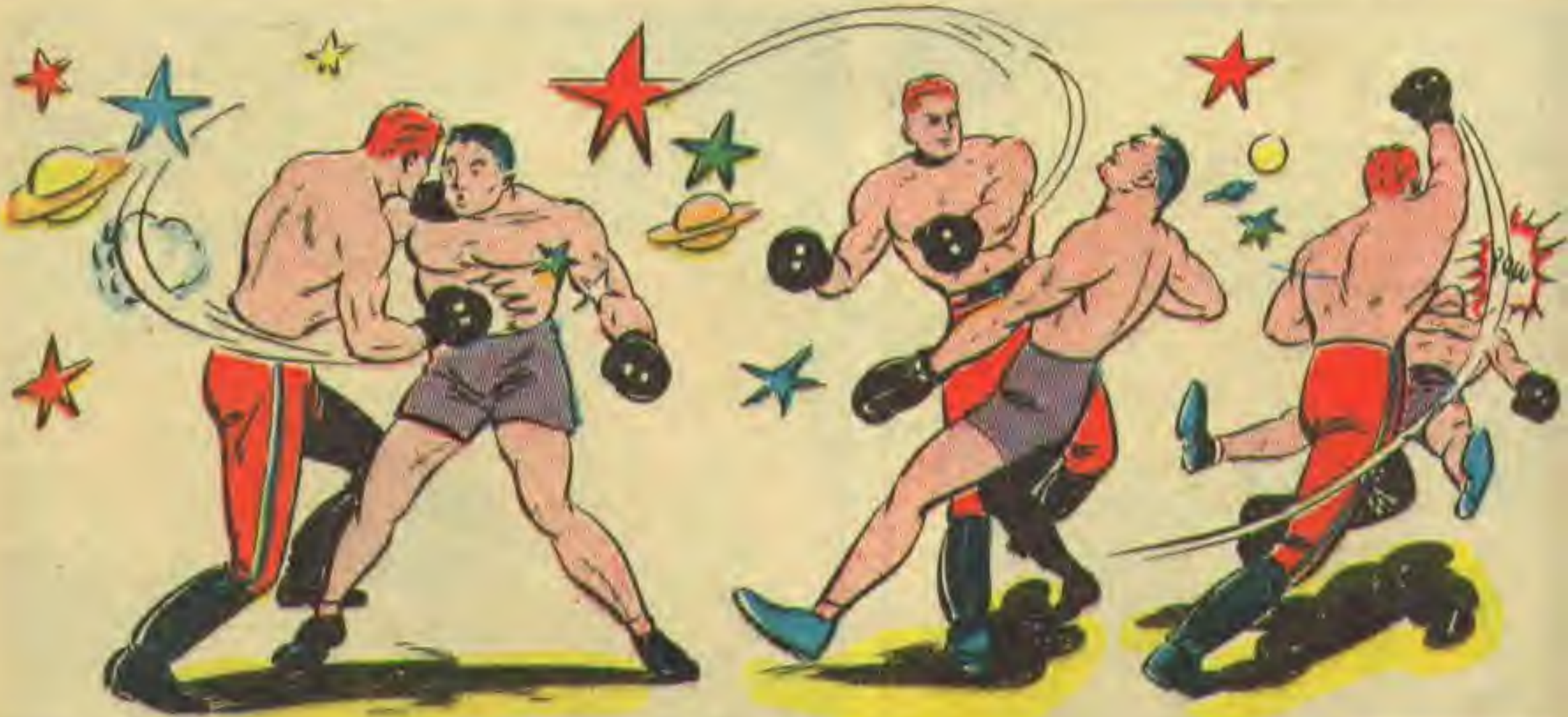
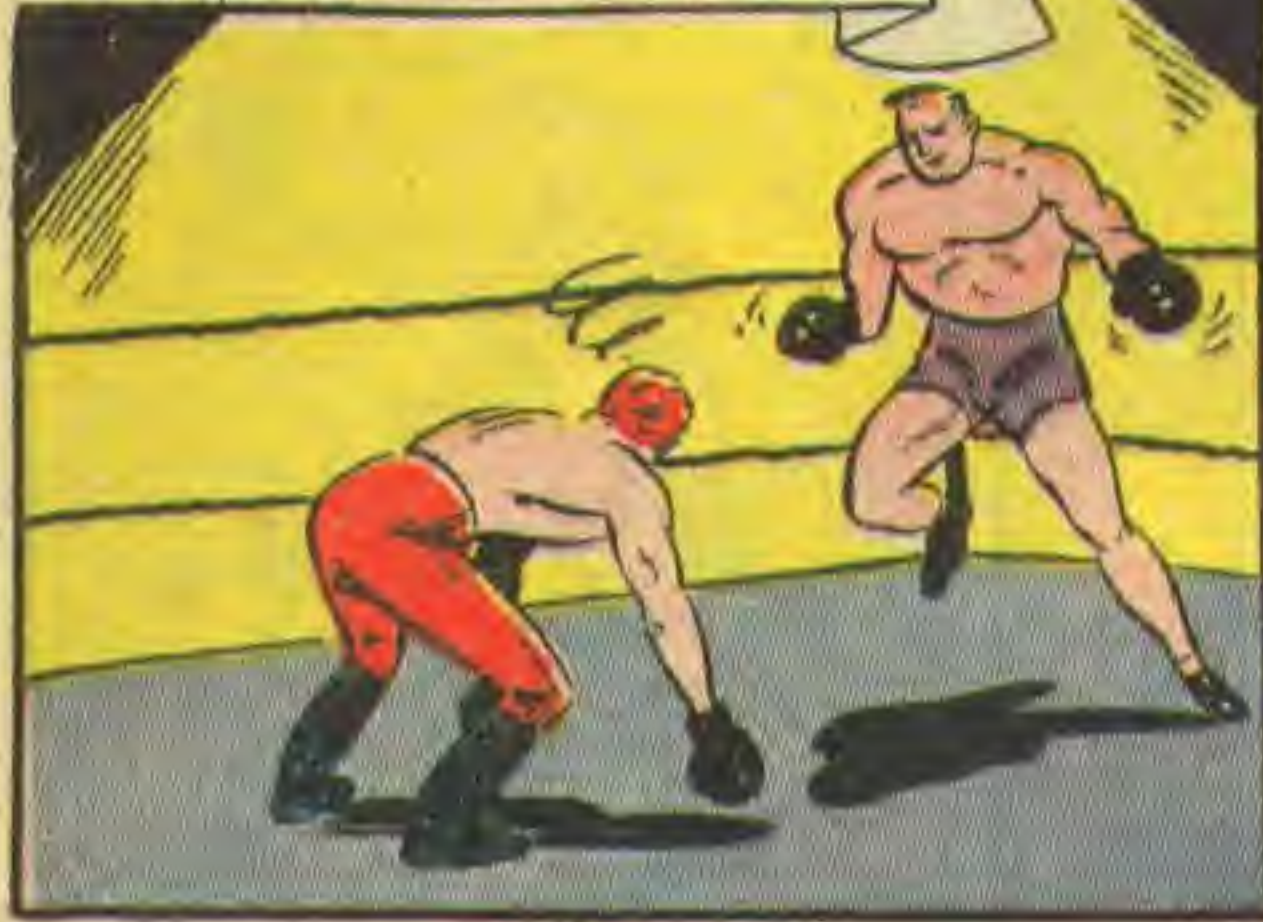


ROUND ONE!





**D**IZZILY, RED RUBE STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET, THE GORILLA RUSHES IN FOR THE KILL ---



I'LL TAKE THAT \$500 NOW!

**H**AVING COLLECTED THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, RED RUBE QUICKLY LEAVES ---



NOW TO GET THIS MONEY TO THE OLD WOMAN AND HER SON!

HEY, RUBE!





LOOK! THERE'S THE KID  
THAT SIGNED UP FER THAT  
RED RUBE!

GRAB 'IM! HE  
PROBABLY KNOWS  
WHERE THE BIG  
GUY IS!



HEY!



TAKE 'IM BACK  
INTO THE  
THEATER!



OKAY, KID! NOW  
TELL US WHERE  
YER PARTNER IS  
OR ELSE!

PHOOEY!

LEAVE HIM BE FER  
A WHILE! TILL WE  
TEND TO THIS  
SAILOR!



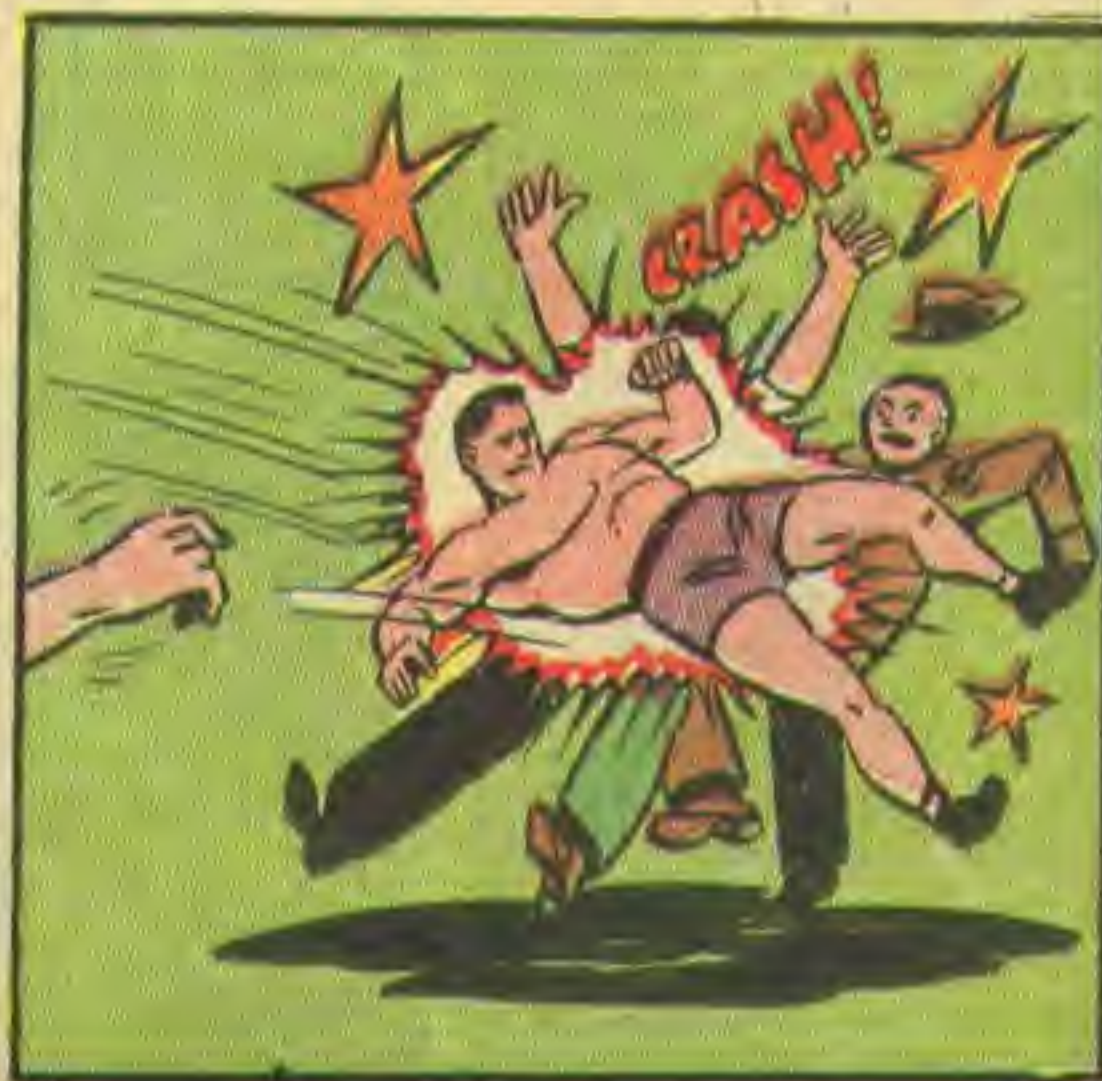
C'MON, SAILOR! WHAT  
SHIP ARE YOU FROM?  
WHAT'S YOUR NEXT  
TRIP?

GIVE 'IM A  
LITTLE MORE  
DOPE!



I GET IT! MOST OF THE GUYS  
THAT TRY FOR THAT 500 DOLLARS  
ARE SOLDIERS OR SAILORS! AND  
AFTER GORILLA GUS KNOCKS 'EM  
OUT, THEY BRING 'EM BACK  
HERE AND TRY TO GET SECRET  
INFORMATION FROM THEM WHILE  
THEY KEEP 'EM DOPED UP!









HERE'S THE 500 DOLLARS, MA'AM!

OH! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! HOW DID YOU EVER DO IT?



I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW, MA'AM! I HAVE TO GO! YOU TAKE THE MONEY AND GET YOUR SON'S EIGHT RESTORED!

G'BYE!

THANK YOU AGAIN, MY BOY! AND BLESS YOU! COME TOM!

**A** FEW MINUTES LATER -- AT THE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE DAILY SUN!



I'M ONE OF YOUR NEWSBOYS, AND I WANT TO SEE THE PUBLISHER!

HA-HA! HE'S PRETTY BUSY NOW! COME BACK IN 20 YEARS SON!



I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!

HEY!



MR. LONG! I'VE GOT A STORY FOR YOU!

WHAT?



I'VE GOT A GREAT STORY AND I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU IF YOU'LL MAKE ME A CUB REPORTER!

HMMM! ALL RIGHT, YOU TELL ME THE STORY AND IF IT'S AS GOOD AS YOU SAY-- YOU'RE A CUB!

**H**URRIEDLY YOUNG RUBE TELLS ABOUT THE CLEVER SPY RING-- AND HOW IT WORKED!



--AND BY NOW THEY'RE IN THE HANDS OF THE F.B.I.!

SON, I THINK YOU'VE GOT A STORY THERE! YOU CAN WRITE IT UP FOR YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT AS A CUB REPORTER!



# CHIMPY

-by JOE EDWARDS



REMEMBER FOLKS - IN THE LAST ISSUE CHIMPY WAS SENTENCED TO SEVEN WEEKS OF HARD LUCK FOR BREAKING PLUTO'S CRYSTAL BALL / SOOOOO - DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU FIND HE IS A LITTLE WORRIED !!!

GOSH!  
GENIE I'M  
WORRIED!



I'VE GOT A FEELING  
SOMETHING'S GOING TO  
HAPPEN ANY MINUTE ---  
--- OH! OH! HERE  
IT COMES ---

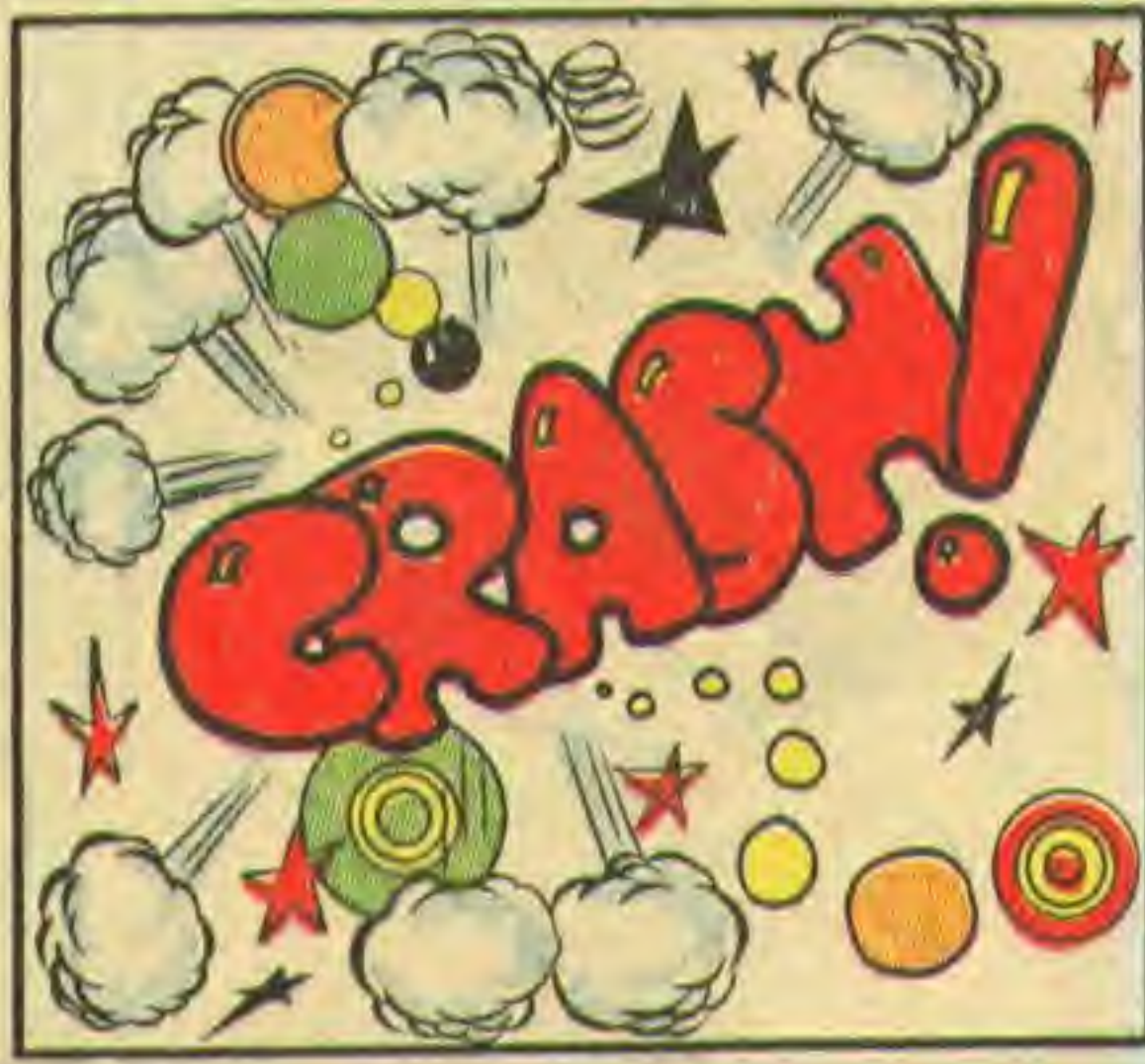
KNOCK  
KNOCK















NO HARD FEELINGS OLD BOY!  
C'MON SIT DOWN - THAT WAS  
JUST ONE OF MY PRACTICAL  
JOKES!

OH YEAH?  
WELL I...



DIDN'T GET



...THE  
POINT!!

YEOW!



HO! HO! BUT YOU  
GET THE  
POINT NOW!!  
HO! HO!



WHAT KIND OF GENIE  
ARE YOU, ANYWAY??  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO  
PROTECT YOUR  
MASTER!! NOW GET  
BUSY AND STOP  
THAT GUY!!



OK BUT AFTER ALL  
GIVE ME A CHANCE!!  
THIS GUY IS  
PRETTY TRICKY!!







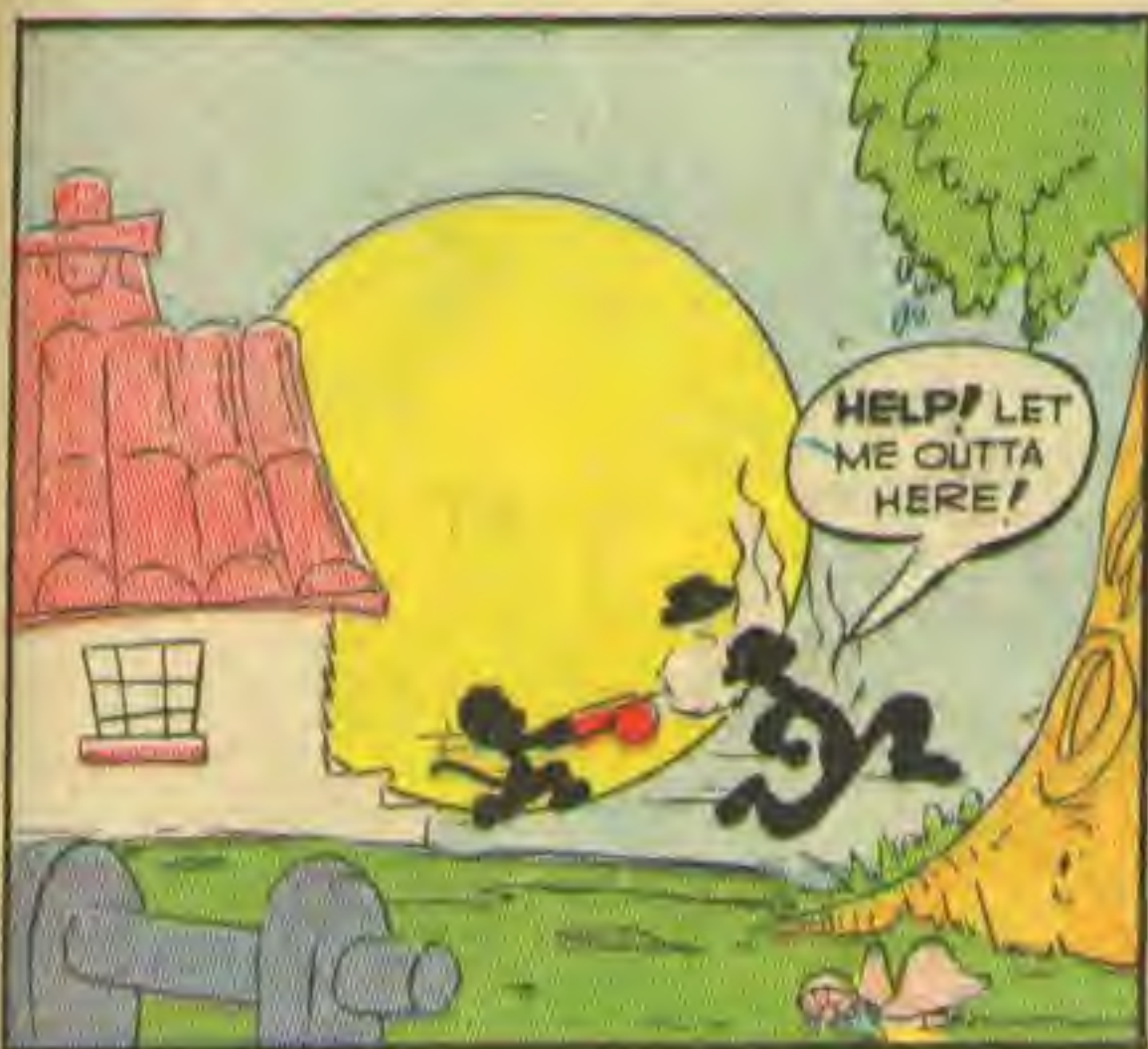
ONION SOUP!!



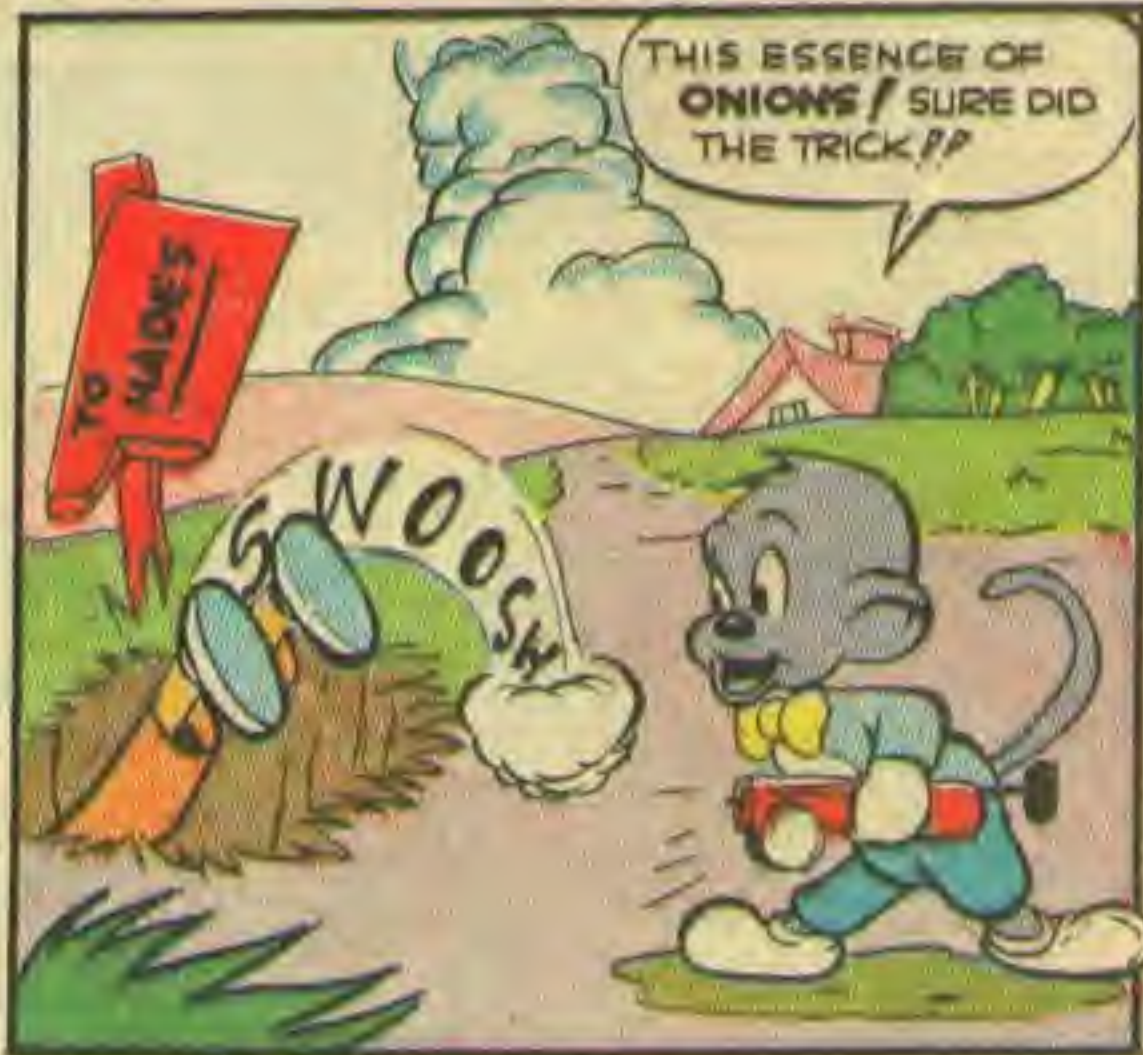
YEOW! ONIONS!  
THE ONE THING I  
CAN'T STAND!!



HELP! LET  
ME OUTTA  
HERE!



THIS ESSENCE OF  
ONIONS! SURE DID  
THE TRICK!!



WELL GENIE — I  
SURE TOOK CARE  
OF THAT GUY! NO  
MORE HARD LUCK  
FOR ME!



BONG!



THE  
END

GULP!  
HAD TO  
OPEN MY BIG  
MOUTH!





# PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!!

**PEP** GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS, A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - *The HANGMAN*

**PEP** REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - **THE NEW SHIELD**

**PEP** ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND, ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - **ARCHIE**



NOW THE NEWEST PEP INTRODUCES ITS LATEST IN THE **HIT PARADE!**

① **MARCO LOCO** - THE SCREWBALL ADVENTURER EXTRAORDINARY

② **LIL CHIEF BUGABOO** - THE FUNNIEST AND MOST ORIGINAL FEATURE IN THE COMIC WORLD!

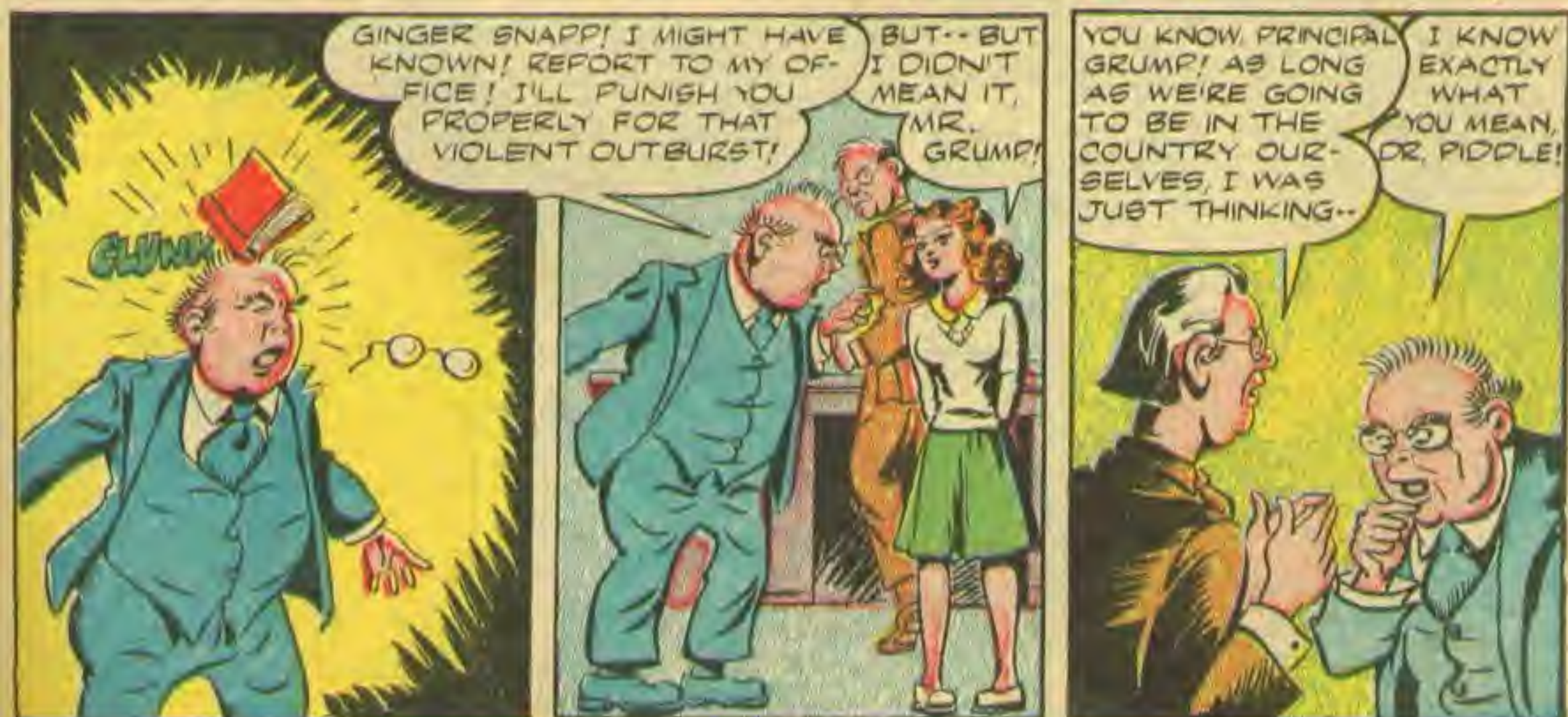
③ **CATFISH JOE** - A LOVABLE, LAUGHABLE CHARACTER! DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER READ!

YOU'RE GUARANTEED YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. GET YOUR COPY OF **PEP COMICS** TODAY!





# Ginger





IT WOULDN'T HURT TO HAVE MY BUTTERFLY NET ALONG! JUST IN CASE--

NOT AT ALL! AND I--AHEM-- MIGHT TAKE MY FISHING ROD WITH ME. HEH--HEH--



LATER, IN PRINCIPAL GRUMP'S OFFICE

GOLLY! EVERY TIME I GET IN TROUBLE WITH GRUMP HE MAKES ME CLEAN HIS OFFICE!



(SIGH) FINISHED AT LAST--OOOO--MY BACK! I'M TOO TIRED TO LUG THIS PAIL TO THE WASH-ROOM TO DUMP THE WATER!

HMM-- THE WINDOW!



THAT WATER CAME FROM YOUR WINDOW, MR. GRUMP!

YES!-- AND I THINK I KNOW WHO THREW IT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT SETTLES IT, GINGER! YOU'RE NOT COMING TO MIDDLETON WITH US!

OH-- MR. GRUMP!



THE OLD MEANIE! AND I SO WANTED TO DO MY SHARE HELPING THE FARMERS! THAT SOURPUSS IS A SABOTEUR, THAT'S WHAT!



YEEOW! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! AUNT MATILDA LIVES IN MIDDLETON! GRUMP CAN'T STOP ME FROM VISITING HER!





AND SO THE MORNING OF THE OUTING FINDS PRINCIPAL GRUMP AND HIS STUDENTS AT MIDDLETON...

THAT'S RIGHT MY GOOD MAN! AND YOU, I PRESUME ARE THE FARMER WE'RE GOING TO HELP!

RECKON YOU MUST BE THE FOLKS FROM THE HIGH SHOOOL!

YOU KNOW GRUMP I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS WITH-OUT GINGER!

YES! SHE DOES MAKE THINGS UNCOM-FORTABLE, FIDDLE!

I BET IT'S LOADS OF FUN BEING A FARMER!

NO SCHOOL! FISHING ALL DAY!



DO WATER-MELONS GROW ON TREES?

HOW DO YOU GET THE COWS TO PUT THE MILK RIGHT INTO THE BOTTLES?

HOW DO YOUR HENS LAY THOSE PRETTY EASTER EGGS?

DO CORNS REALLY HAVE EARS?

I KIN SEE WHERE THESE KIDS ARE GON-NA BE A BIG HELP BY CRACKY!

AH-- THIS FRESH COUNTRY AIR MAKES ONE FEEL BUOYANT FIDDLE!

YES GRUMP! ALMOST BUOYANT ENOUGH TO FLOAT AWAY! HEH, HEH!



(GULP) WE DID FLOAT, FIDDLE!

HOW ARE WE GOING TO FLOAT BACK TO EARTH?

YEEOW-- THE BRANCHES GAVE WAY!

OOF!







AND AT THAT MOMENT ---

HIYA, AUNT MAGNOLIA! SURPRISE--



GOODNESS, GINGER! WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW YOU WERE COMING? AND WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET THAT MOTOR-

BYKE!

OH, THAT!



WHEN I GOT OFF THE TRAIN, THERE WERE NO BUSES RUNNING, SO A NICE DELIVERY BOY GAVE ME A LIFT AND EVEN LET ME DRIVE!



-- AND THEN WHEN I LOOKED AROUND THAT NICE BOY WASN'T SITTING THERE ANY-MORE!

HMM- FROM THE WAY YOU WERE DRIVING! I ONLY NEED ONE GUESS TO KNOW WHERE HE IS!



BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ANYWAY, MISS MISCHIEF?

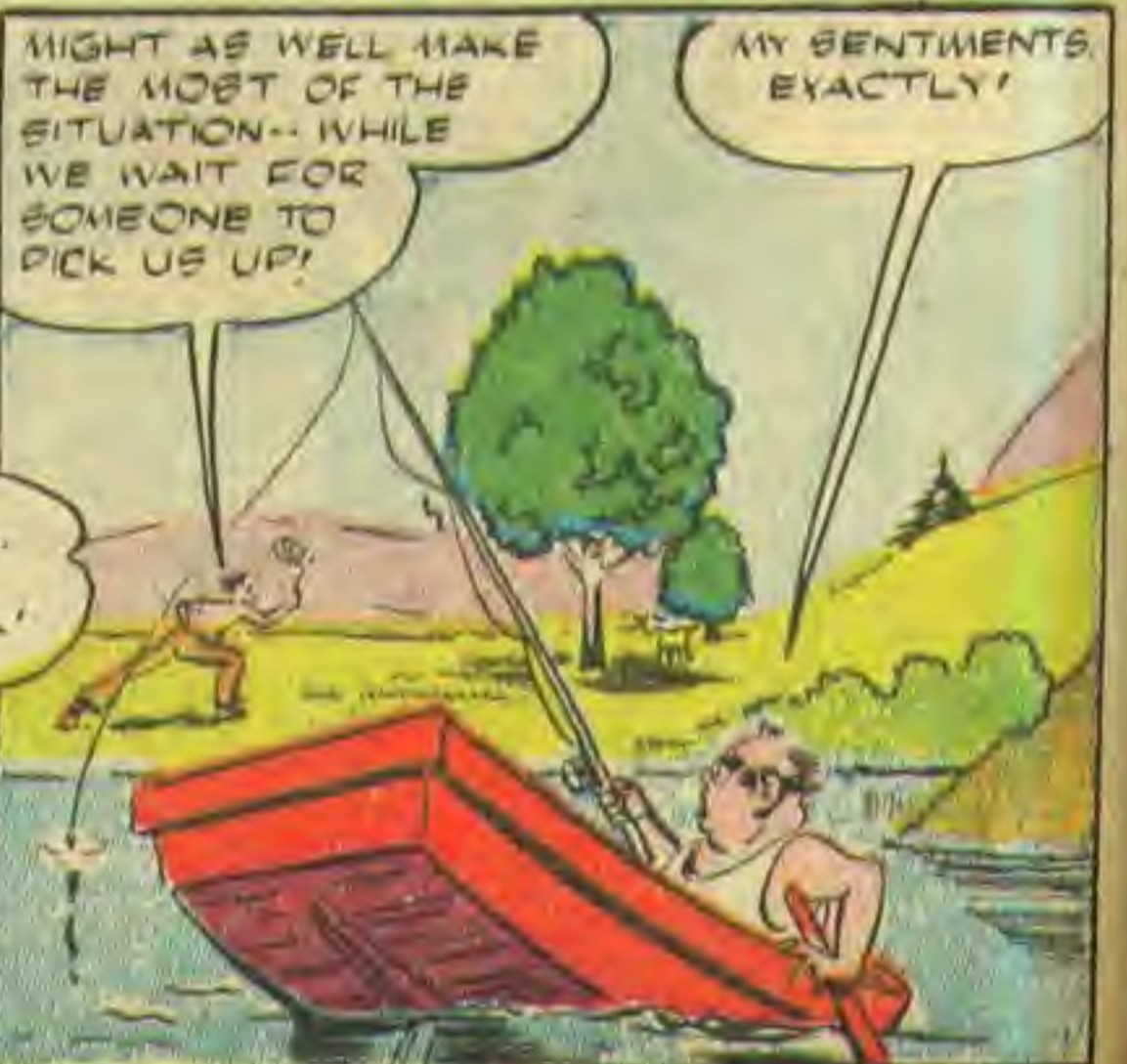
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT. WHILE WE'RE EATING! AUNTIE! I'M FAMISHED!



MEANWHILE ---  
WELL A NICE LAKE AND AN EMPTY ROW BOAT! RATHER TEMPTING ISN'T IT FIDDLE?

YES! AND I BEEN TO SEE A DELIGHTFUL SPECIES OF BUTTER-FLY!

Ooo... MY BACK!



MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF THE SITUATION-- WHILE WE WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO PICK US UP!

MY SENTIMENTS, EXACTLY!





AH--JUST AS I THOUGHT!  
A NOSTALGIUS POLY-  
REMIUS!



GOT YOU NOW, MY  
SAVAGE BEAUTY!  
WHA---



YEE OOW!  
WASPS!



GOOD LORD! WHAT WAS  
THAT LOUD SPLASH!  
THE FISH MUST BE  
GIGANTIC IN THIS LAKE!



WHA--SOMETHING'S  
PULLING MY BOAT  
DOWN!



HAALLPP! THE  
FISH ARE ATTACKING  
ME!



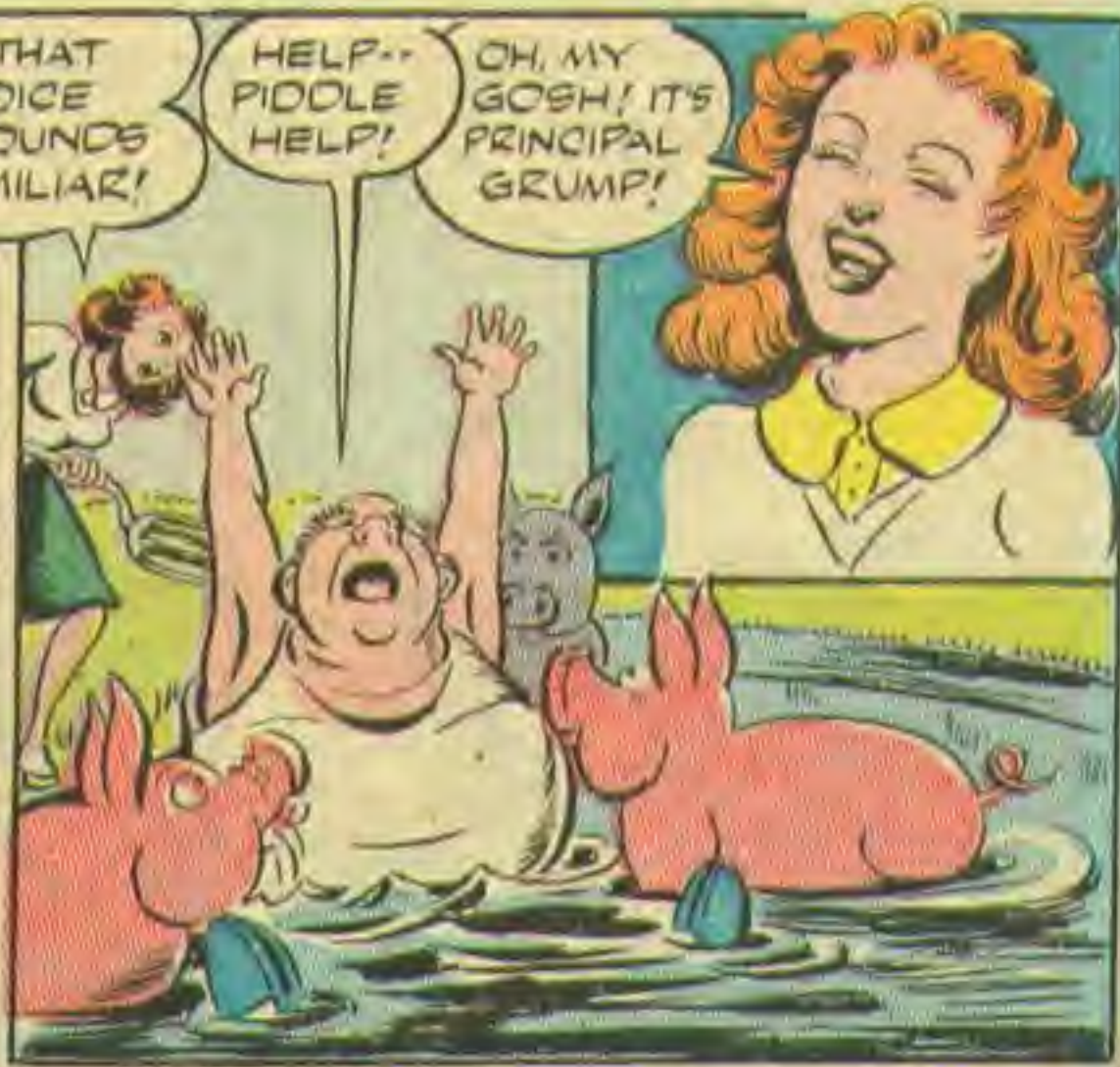
YOU!

(GLUB) GET  
ME UP! I--  
I CAN'T  
SWIM (GASP)!



PIDDLE!  
LOOK!  
OUR  
CLOTHES!

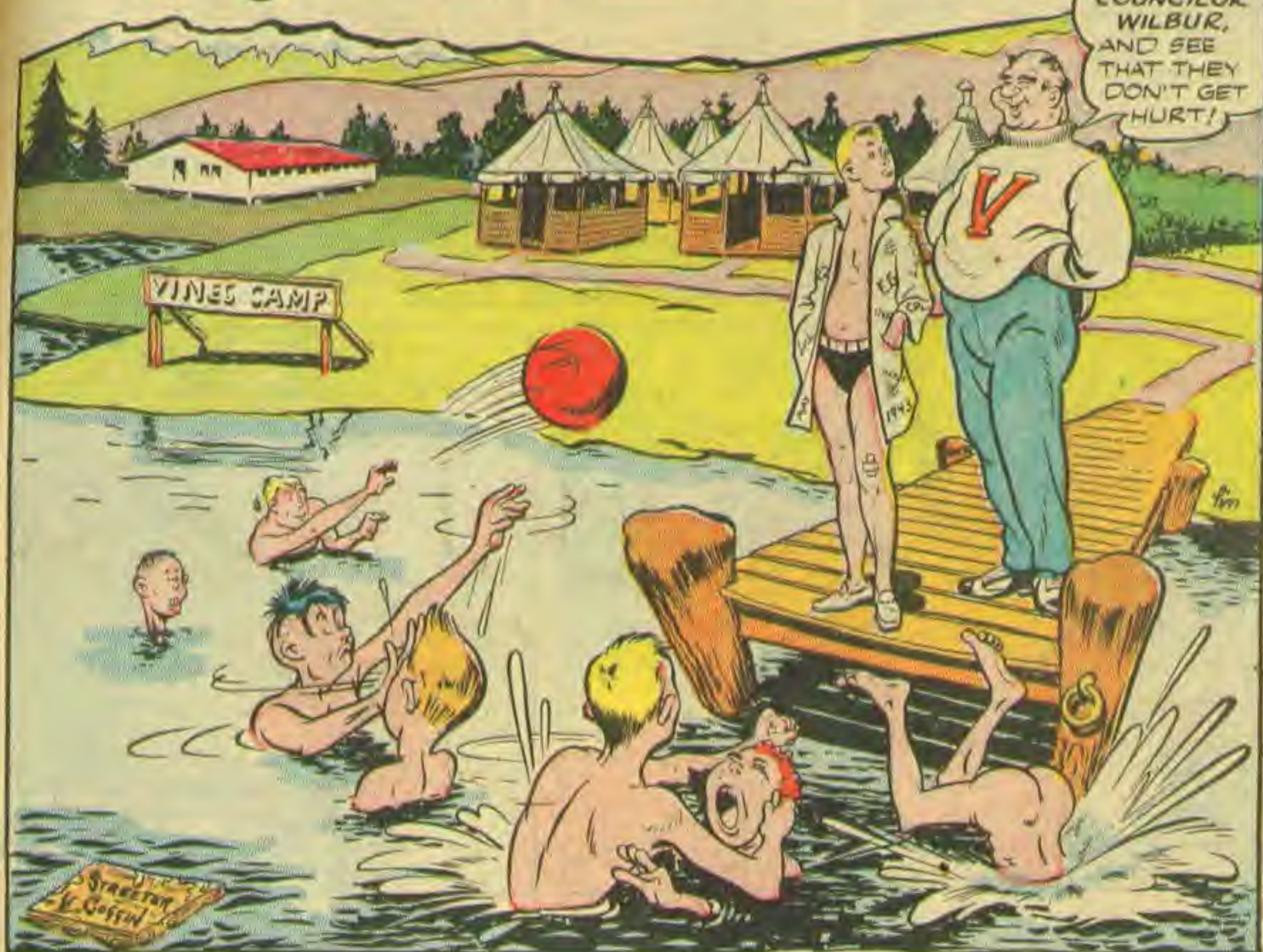




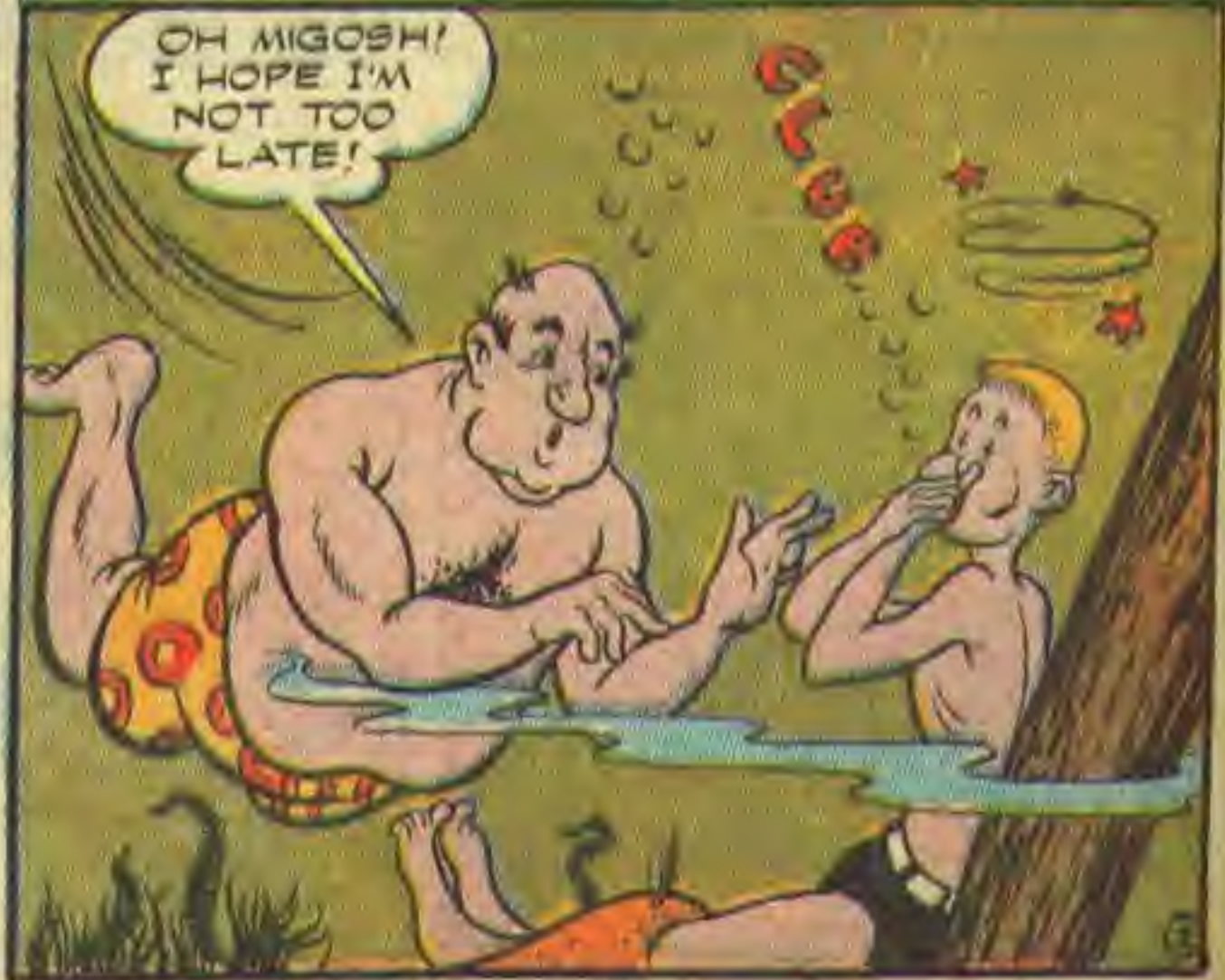


# WILBUR

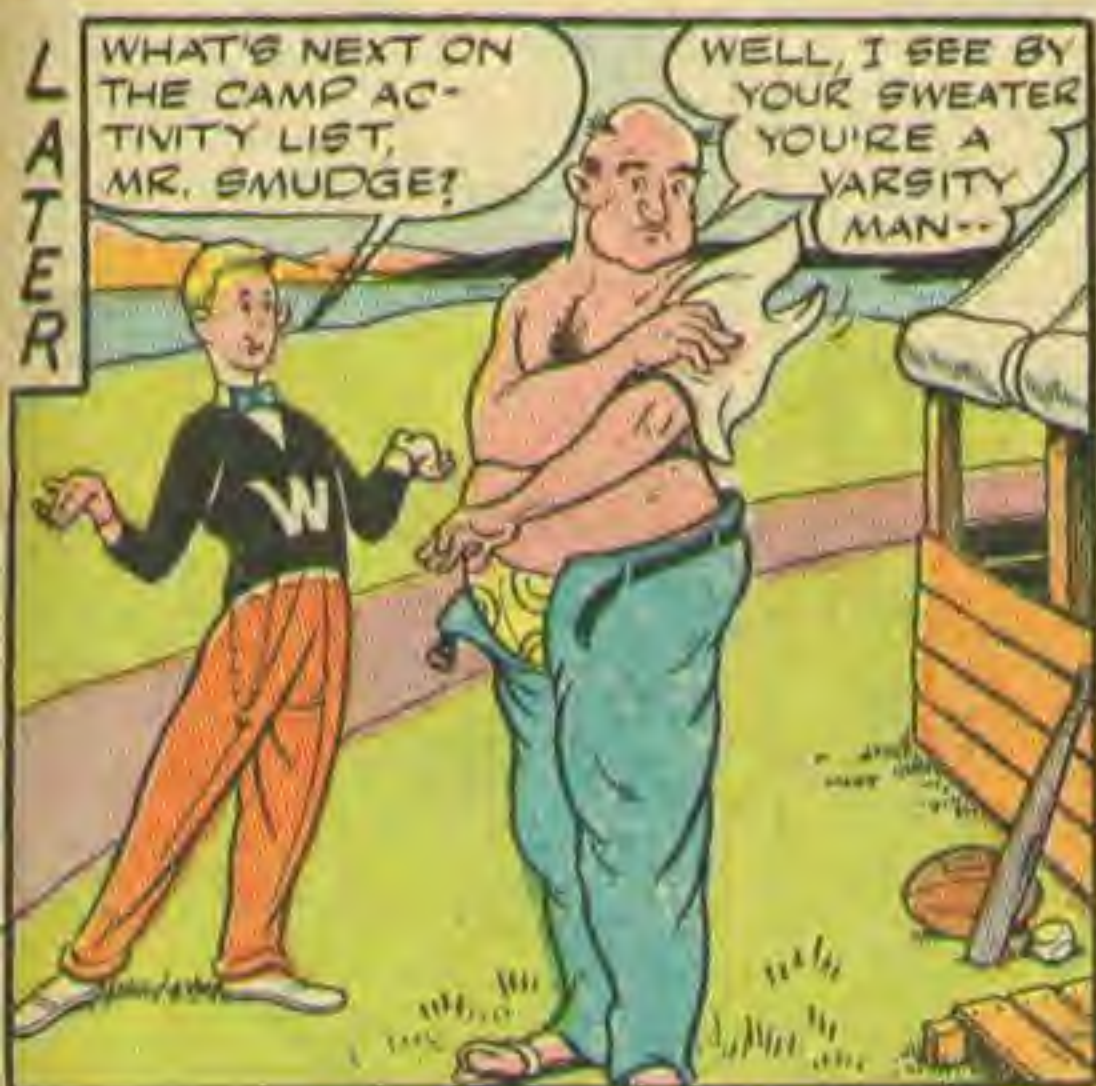
BETTER GET INTO THE WATER WITH THE BOYS COUNCILOR WILBUR, AND SEE THAT THEY DON'T GET HURT!













LET'S GO! NOW WATCH  
HOW I STICK OUT MY  
RIGHT ARM AND---



--- SIDE STEP HIM---  
**OOOF!**



DID I DO  
IT RIGHT,  
WILBUR?



UH-- NOW I'LL TEACH  
YOU HOW TO PASS!  
RUN OUT, SKZETS!



AND REMEMBER IF  
THE BALL IS IN-  
TERCEPTED TACKLE  
AND ASK QUESTIONS  
AFTERWARD!



LET  
'ER  
GO!

WOW!  
SOME  
PASS!

OOPS!  
TOO  
HIGH!







MY NEW SUIT  
RUINED!  
BEAT THAT  
WILBUR! I'LL--



MR. SMUDGE  
INTERCEPTED  
THE BALL!

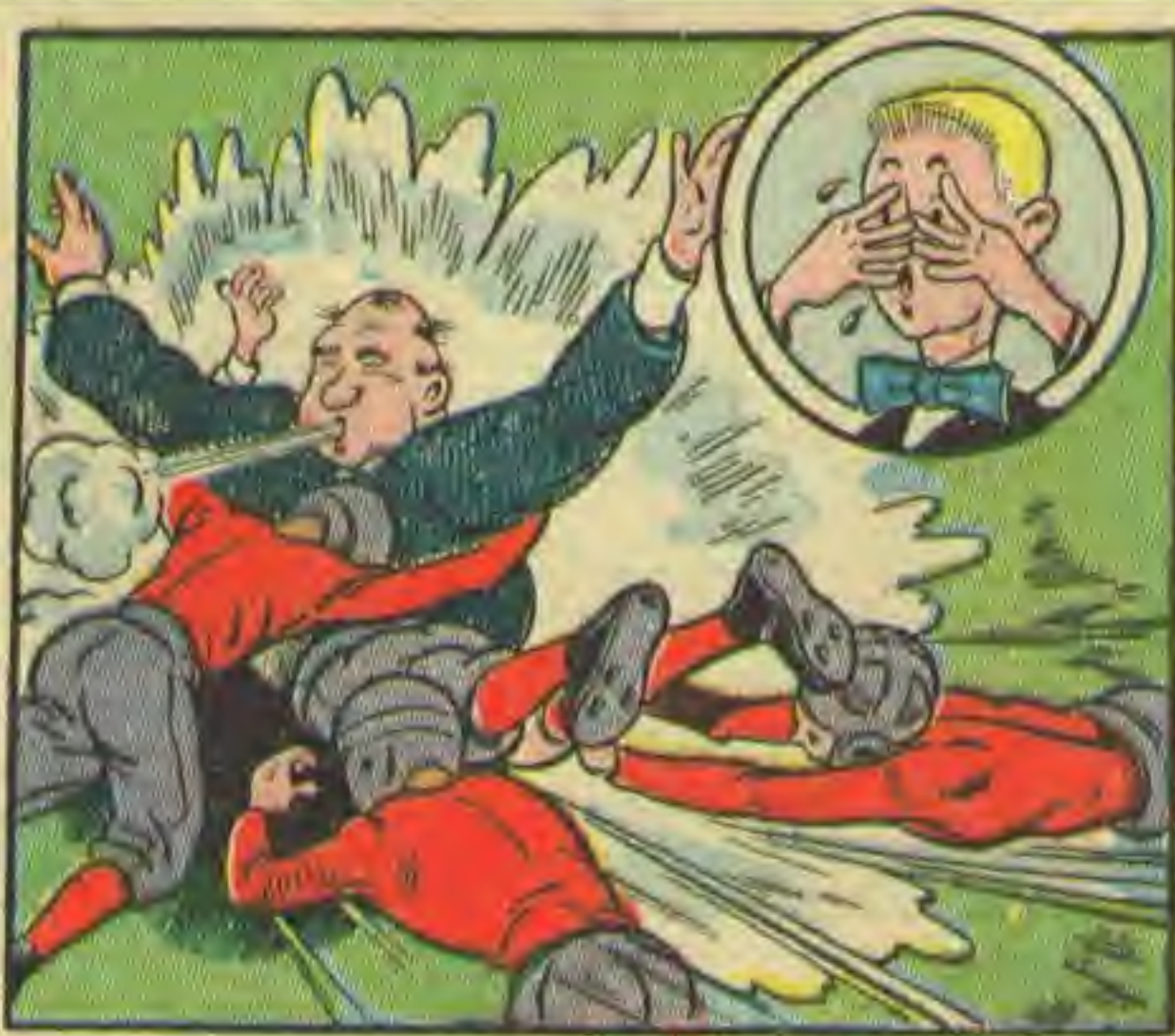


AND WILBUR  
SAID TACKLE!



AND ASK  
QUESTIONS  
AFTERWARDS!

ULP!



AND SO WILBUR  
TACKLES A JOB  
IN THE KITCHEN!

HEY  
YOU!  
HELP ME  
CARRY  
IN THE  
SOUP!



NOW BE  
CAREFUL!  
IT'S HOT!



HMM--I GUESS PUTTING  
WILBUR IN THE KITCHEN  
WAS A GOOD IDEA! HE'LL BE  
OF SOME USE AROUND  
HERE AND KEEP OUT  
OF TROUBLE!





**H**AVE YOU GOTTEN YOUR LATEST COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS, YET? LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY WITH ARCHIE-- THE MIRTH OF A NATION! ©







